[The City Greek]

An additional resource of the city Greek after the fall of the Byzantine 175
Empire was the respect which other peoples paid to Greek cultural traditions. 177
The city Greek could rest at times on the laurels of his ancestors, or
he could command a situation by assuming superiority based on the glory 186
of his past. Furthermore, when days looked darkest, from late in the eighteenth
century on down, he could count on the support of classic-minded 369
benefactors of the Western world. There remained also the implication of
the term *barbarian* for the non-Greek; this did not die out with ancient
Greece but continued to apply to other Balkan Christian groups which the
city Greek assiduously tried to Hellenize. The city was dominant here, too, [793] ●
for this Hellenization proceeded outward from the city. The contact point
was usually the Greek priest, with his loyalty to the urban Byzantine tradition,
in a Slavic, Vlach, or Albanian village before the rise of national
churches in the Balkans during the last century.[5]

This, then, is the proud and rich tradition of the contemporary city 369
Greek — a tradition kept alive by the schools, the church, and by the admiration 186
of many non-Greek scholars seeking to trace the origin of Western
democracy to its pristine source in the pre-Christian Greek city-state.

Also helping to keep the tradition alive are the few leisured families, 184
some of whom have highly placed relatives scattered throughout the continent
of Europe, as well as the growing intelligentsia and the merchants for 186
whom the city is a natural habitat. Even the urban laborer, whether a 369
skilled worker in a textile plant or an unskilled hod carrier on a construction
project, has many of the same traits as the members of the middle and 565
upper classes: in his cafés and *tavernas*, the worker reveals the same zest 571
for life as well as some of the same preoccupations with his daily lot. Yet
members of the new intelligentsia, Athenian politicians, and businessmen
still have many relatives in the provinces with whom they are in frequent
contact and to whom city ways are steadily spreading.

The city Greek's supreme self-confidence, arising out of these traditions 369
of power and glory, is shown in almost any discussion overheard at the cafés 521
where the Greek urbanite meets his friends to argue about anything and
everything.[6] His gestures are as eloquent as his words, as Robert P. T. Coffin [275]
said so well in his poem, "Greek Hands Are the Greek": [201]

Greek hands are tongues,
They are tails of dogs;
They are also Plato's
Dialogues.[7]

Completely sure that his ideas on public questions are as sound as those 369
of any cabinet minister or newspaper editor, the city Greek takes great 829
pleasure in expounding these ideas.[8] An incident of half a century ago, at
the time of the Russo-Japanese War, is still told with amusement by Athe- [195]

342 "Are most of the houses in this village like this one?"

"Yes, only the priest and the teacher have two rooms in their homes, but people here are beginning to think about building bigger houses."

"How do you go about building a house such as this?"

"Oh, we get all the materials together and then call one of the builders who
[463] lives here in the village. It may take us quite a while to collect the material,
depending upon the prices we get paid for our crops. We have to pay the
[465] master builder fifty drachmas a day; it usually takes him about fifteen days,
since members of the family help him. We need him because he knows best how
to place the stone in the walls so they will be firm."

The woman showed little interest in the actual details of construction,
but quickly passed to the ceremonies connected with a new house. She
[825] pointed out that when the cornerstone was laid the family and relatives
came together, cut the throat of a cock, and let the blood spill on the
[788] four corners of the house, selecting the eastern corner first. Just prior to
this ceremony, money was thrown out to the workers. Customs vary, as we
[778] discovered, as to just what was buried in the cornerstone, but in this
Peloponnesian village the family buried earth from a sacred place near the
village where they had found a treasured ikon; they also included a small
wooden cross and an ikon of the Holy Virgin. If the house is built as a
dowry for the daughter, then some of her personal possessions such as a
dress or a shoe are also included in the cornerstone. Usually a big dinner
[574] of roast lamb follows the laying of the cornerstone.

A second ceremony occurs when the topmost beam of the house is in
place. The roof has not yet been laid, but this is the time for the family to
bring presents to the workmen, who upon receiving a gift call out the
name of the donor and wish him many years and a happy life. Later on,
● [793] when the house is finished, the priest is called. He must be the first person
[788] to enter, after which he blesses the house and departs. Thereupon, for good
[777] luck, a young boy must be the first to step in.

Now the furniture can be installed and the family can settle down. The
[352] dowry chests, containing valuables saved up for the unmarried daughter,
will be placed along a wall and the dowry blankets piled on top. "And un-
[583] married girls must never sit on this chest or they will never get married,"
declared our informant.

[352] Other furniture includes a small table along the wall over which is hung
a large mirror. The family photographs are stuck into the edges of the
[353] mirror frame. Pictures also decorate the walls, as do pots and pans and
other cooking utensils. Two or three chairs complete the roll call of furniture.

351 In other visits to village homes our attention was directed more to the
court than to the interior. The weather would be warm and balmy and the
[513] vines in leaf. The family had in reality moved out of doors for the season,

753 credited to supernatural causes, and there is no ill to which flesh is heir,—
776 from a headache to the plague,—without some demon responsible for it. A nightmare and the sense of physical oppression which often accompanies it are not traced to so vulgar a cause as a heavy supper, but are dignified as the work of a malicious being named *Vrachnas*, who in the dead of night delights to seat himself on the chest of some sleeper, and by his weight produces an unpleasant feeling of congestion. . . .[13]

755 For cures, then, one turns not only to the doctor but at times to the priest,
759 who will come and read from "the holy books," or even more frequently to
the village wise women, who understand what herbs to use and the particular
[793] charms appropriate to every occasion. These wise women usually keep their activities secret from the priest. Many remedies which seem fantastic, such as curing boils by putting pus from them on a piece of bread and giving it to a dog to eat, make sense to the peasant. One symbolically and supernaturally transfers the illness from the patient to some other host, susceptible or immune as the case may be.

755 A mother will pass on her knowledge of folk medicine to her daughters,
[868] although they will often seek the help of some wise woman particularly skilled in caring for the sick. In order to learn more about the ordinary
755 folk remedies, we compared a list drawn up by D. Loukopoulos for Aetolia,
757 a district in Central Greece, with those cures believed in by Chrysoula, a wise woman on the island of Spetsai, just off the Peloponnesos.[14] As was
[184] expected, the prescriptions did not tally on all points, but their general purpose and approach were much the same.

To cure malaria:

Wash a cup out, give patient holy water on an empty stomach without letting the patient know what he is drinking. After he drinks this once or twice at dawn he'll feel much better. (Aetolia)

To cure stomach ache:

Boil powdered acorn caps in one hundred drams of water, add clove and four pieces or *rigane* (wild origan). When it has been boiled down to size of an ouzo (brandy) cup, strain it and add some rum. When the sick man drinks it, all pains will ease. (Aetolia)

Boil the stem of the poppy plant and give the brew to patient to drink. (Spetsai)

755 *To cure insanity:*

Insanity cannot be cured with medicines. The priest reads to the insane person
793 out of the Four Gospels, then may take him to a monastery. If he does not get better, he is tied (often chained) to the ring in the tiling of the church floor. (Aetolia)

The priest exorcises the demon by using the ritual of St. Basil the Great, or
[789] some sacred relic may be taken to the insane person in the hope of driving away the demon. The patient is not taken to the monastery. (Spetsai)

To cure terrific abdominal pains, or "twisting the navel": 755

The constant pains and vomiting are said to be due to the untwisting of the navel. If the patient is to recover, his navel must be retwisted. Only a few people know how to do this. The one effecting the cure presses the navel with the index finger of his right hand, holds it firmly and starts walking around the patient. As he turns around he halts — at the head, at the feet, and at each side. He goes around like this seven or eight times and the patient recovers. (Aetolia and Arcadia) [753] [826]

Only special women can do this. The one who helps puts a rag around her finger, twists the navel several times until she feels it catch. Then she withdraws her finger and puts a compress on the navel: This compress is composed of blue paper into which some incense melted in *mastica* has been placed. (Spetsai)

Even though some of these practices are restricted to particular regions of Greece, and are carried out by only a few people in a given village, they do constitute a folk approach to healing. But there is one important belief, general throughout Greece, which is associated with illness: the Evil Eye. In one family, in a village near the town of Thebes, some of the members wore amulets which the priest had blessed and into which communion bread had been sewed. Elsewhere in Greece I saw amulets containing splinters of holy wood or earth from Jerusalem, worn around the neck. The women in explaining the Evil Eye said that one cannot always tell who casts the Evil Eye, but that there are some people in the village suspected of doing this and that they are to be avoided or else watched carefully. 751 754 [753]

If a child is believed to be under the spell (that is, shivers and does not feel well), the person suspected can be brought before the child and asked to spit three times to get rid of the curse, or the child can be taken to the priest who reads a blessing. Perhaps the cure thought most efficacious is a secret formula which an older woman passes on to a younger one with the instructions that it is never to be improperly revealed. Not all village women know the formula but only those who have been particularly selected by the wise women, or an older relative, for this purpose. In this village home, the women after much whispered discussion, decided details of the formula would do no harm since we were outsiders and would be leaving soon. Here are the basic elements: 755 [753] [793] [124]

Christ and the Virgin Mary
Passed through a crossroad;
They spread their golden apron
And ate. Crumbs fell on the apron.
They took those crumbs
And tossed them into the sea.
The sea waters were stirred up
And man was cured.

THE ENGAGEMENT

Once dowry arrangements have been completed, the couple becomes 584 engaged. This is invariably a festive occasion at the home of the girl, which 574 calls not only for the hiring of musicians but frequently the preparation of special dishes, such as fried octopus, and the serving of great quantities of 262 brandy and special liqueurs. The significance of the engagement is stressed 273 by the fact that it often involves the village and not just the families concerned. One day while riding muleback in the mountains of Epirus we heard 621 the sound of music from a distance. As we approached a small hamlet, small because most people were afraid to live in that politically unsettled 361 area, we recognized the music as that of the *daouli* (big drum) and bagpipe. 534 As we passed through, the president of the community came out and invited us to stop and join in the festivities. Here, as elsewhere, I learned that there 273 were ceremonial ways in which the couple plight their troth: exchange of glasses of sweet liqueur from which they each drink and, more importantly, 301 the exchange of heavy rings. If both sets of parents are alive, it is the custom in the Peloponnesos for the bride's mother to be the first to hand the rings over to the couple, the groom's father then repeats this, and the bride's does 793 so for the third time. The priest is not involved nor is the *koumbaros* (sponsor at the wedding to follow and godparent at the baptism) called upon at 608 this time.

The engagement period is not viewed as a time of exploration and reaching a decision by the young people as to whether they are actually suited to each other; in Greece, once engaged, the couple is expected to marry, and there is almost no breaking off of an engagement. This step is regarded as serious as the wedding itself, for it is a public recognition that two families are to be related. But customs during the engagement period vary considerably in Greece. For example, the customary length of engagement may vary from one week or less in a few villages to less than a year in other places, although most generally the engagement period would be at least a year. This is a feverish period of activity on the part of the family to ensure 583 the collection of all necessary dowry items. In some parts of Greece the young man may go to live in the home of his future in-laws if he is needed 591 there. He may be working in the village where he found his bride-to-be and, rather than maintain separate bachelor's quarters or board with some other family, he may move into his future home. Or, if he has no fields of his own and goes to work on his in-laws' estate, he will probably move into the in-laws' home. In Aetolia, if the boy is from a different village, he can come from time to time to the bride's house for a visit of a few days; if he is 574 from the same village, he also can visit the home but seldom spends a night there.

The casual way in which young people occasionally talked about their engagement stressed the social rather than personal aspects of this experi-

634 through internal dissensions with the government group, which came to light a
week or two later on the replacement of the Minister of Interior among others
661 and the secession of the Markezines group. It was a question of removal of
antipatronage elements. The dismissals were legally contested, and subsequently
several of the career nomarchs were restored to office. In late 1955 the reorganized government partly introduced legislation again re-establishing the career nomarchs.[11]

65 Whenever I found peasants complaining about their government, I asked
them to list for me what services they received from outside the village.
One of the men who had been complaining most vociferously in a Theban
[369] village was somewhat startled at this request, especially after he had delivered himself of such eloquent sentiments as: "People in Athens live in
paradise; here in our village they live in hell. The Athenians consider us
slaves to work so they can eat." But he put his mind to the problem and
said:

> [793] What do we receive from outside? Well, our priest is paid by the government
> although we contribute something to the archbishop's funds; our teacher is paid
> [875] by the government and they gave us a little for our school building, but we
> gave the materials and the labor. As for our roads, the villagers give their labor, break the rocks and put them in place, and then beg the government to help complete the road with machinery. The government engineer will come and supervise.
>
> [625] Our field policeman, who watches to see that animals do not get into the
> growing crops, is paid from an independent treasury; our gendarmes are paid by the central government.
>
> [759] The government does not provide us with medical care, for we have an ar-
> rangement [*kondota*] whereby any family agrees to give forty-four okas of wheat
> [758] to the doctor, and he comes when called during the year. This does not in-
> clude the cost of medicine. If you are not in this system, you pay for each visit.
> [465] We have had this system a long time; it is deeply rooted. We used to pay our
> [793] priest the same way, giving him twenty-two okas of wheat per family before
> the government took over his pay.

In this village, as elsewhere, we got conflicting opinions about the quality and usefulness of service rendered by the government, but there was a growing awareness that such services were available through the national government.

625 Once, on a return trip from Northern Greece to Athens, while we were
[124] having coffee in Levadeia in Central Greece, the commandant of gendarmes
for that area asked if his wife and he might ride with us to Thebes. During
the drive of less than an hour, we had a lively conversation on many points.
[701] I asked him about the young policemen or gendarmes whom we found in
every village and town. He said that most of them were fulfilling their military service, although as gendarmes they have to do a three-year rather

795 which are found throughout the Balkans, speaks of the rich texture of
Christianity there, which came to the Balkan nations in the shape of
184 Byzantine Orthodoxy and which meant a particular culture, comprising art,
literature, and theology, in the service of the Church.[3]

One has only to review the brief description of the peasant and nature or the peasant approach to sickness and child care in earlier chapters to see how lively is the environment for any peasant who believes in the Evil Eye or the omens of spiders, birds in flight, or the hooting of an owl.[4] The peasant, instead of being made over into some sort of revolutionary Christian image, was able to take early Christianity and make it over into the even earlier Greek image. That is what survives in rural Greece today.

The educated Greek went through almost the same process, but on a much more sophisticated level. Instead of equating the sun god with St. Elijah, he equated Platonic teachings with the doctrines of St. Paul. Thanassis Aghnides sets forth this theme:

> As regards religious life, let us not forget that the New Testament was written in Greek, and most of the principles of Christianity are loans from Greek moral philosophy. Plato's ideas could find no better means of diffusion in the world than the New Testament.
>
> Thus a Greek never feels that the Christian religion is a Jewish gift to the world. When he reads the New Testament he is reminded of the highest precepts of the Greek classical period. Here again the modern Greek is not very conscious of the lines of demarcation between the high precepts of Christianity, and, let us say, those of Socrates. The latter's principles and those of the Galilean are derived from the same source. The modern Greek is confusedly aware of this. He may not say it in as many words but he feels the modern ethical standards of the Christian world as being part and parcel of his own heritage from his classical ancestors.[5]

In support of this point of view among the peasants, I can mention the consternation shown by some Greek village women when, for the first time, they learned that Christ was a Jew. They had always assumed that he was Greek and would not believe otherwise until they had gone to check with the priest.

795 Orthodoxy and Greekness are tied in together not only because of the
619 continuity between ancient traditions and Christian doctrine; the Orthodox
Church was also the vehicle through which Greekness was preserved under
659 alien conquerors. Church and politics went hand in hand. The Greek
Orthodox Church, which was the basic institution of the Byzantine Empire,
continues as such within the modern Greek nation, and contemporary
Greeks, like the Byzantines, find it hard to accept political ideas which do
not assume the complete unification of church and state. Today the church
is still an integral part of the Greek government, its affairs administered
● [793] within the Ministry of Education and Religion, the salaries of the clergy

paid by the state as civil servants, and religious belief a part of national 795
patriotism. Nothing really fundamental can be done in the nation down to 619
the smallest commune without clerical interest and participation. This is [659]
not written law, but deep-seated custom.[6]

Greeks view contemporary events in terms of their own adaptation of [793]
New Testament teachings and claim that the Greek nation, though it has
suffered many "Golgothas," has recovered from these disasters to experience a "resurrection" each time.[7] Such comparisons with the life and sufferings of Christ are also intelligible to the Greek peasant, who has little difficulty in identifying them with the sufferings of Greece through which the rest of the world will be saved. Greeks give episodes in Greek history, such as their defeat of the Italians in World War II and their fighting back the spread of Communism in postwar years, a political-religious interpretation highly charged with emotion because these touch upon what is sacred in the Greek national tradition — the unique contribution Greece has over and over again made to the preservation of Western civilization through the frequent ordeals she has endured.

THE VILLAGE PRIEST AND HIS PARISH

An American walking down the street with a Greek friend is usually sur- 793
prised when the Greek hits him on the shoulder and says, "I give you the
priest." This act supposedly transfers to someone else the misfortune that [777]
might follow from meeting the *papas*, or priest, who passes dressed in his [292]
flowing black robes and his tall stovepipe brimless hat, and wearing a hand-
some black beard and his long hair neatly done up into a bun. Should he [302]
be accompanied by a woman, she is probably his wife, for in the Greek
Orthodox Church there are both married and unmarried priests. The married priests can take the ordination vows after marriage, but no priest can marry after ordination. The married priests are usually the parish priests, and it is rare to find the village priest unmarried. On the other hand, the unmarried priest, recruited among the monks, can alone rise to high administrative positions in the church. He may, for instance, be a bishop over one of the sixty-seven dioceses or, if properly qualified, eventually be one of the twelve bishops comprising the Holy Synod which guides the church under the presidency of the Metropolitan of Athens, the actual head of the church. The Patriarch of Constantinople at Istanbul is the titular head, but this is more of a traditional and honorary office, since the
Metropolitan is looked upon as the chief functionary. In Greece the king [642]
has no authority over the church.

In the village the parish priest, married as he is, settles down, digs his roots in deeply, so to speak. He knows that he has no opportunity for advancement in the church hierarchy; so there is no need for him to spend his time "politicking" for appointment to some choice position in the church

793 courts. The village priest, therefore, acquires land and farms, in many [423] cases just as diligently as the other villagers; he may even embark upon a few small-scale business enterprises on the side. His regular salary from [441] the state gives him a steady income which the rest of the local people usually lack. This, combined with thrift and diligence, helps him acquire a [571] little more property than the average farmer and enjoy a slightly higher standard of living. This is not guaranteed, of course, and one can call to mind many village priests who obviously were living on the barest mini- [554] mum. At the same time, the priest is able to maintain what has been called a "comradely equality" with his people.[8]

The priest, however, is not necessarily a permanent fixture. The bishop [794] appoints him to a post and the local congregation can refuse him, or it can raise objections to a bishop about a priest who conducts himself in ways the local people do not like. In most cases, the bishop tries to find the kind of priest that the local parishioners prefer. Since the priest often ac- [428] quires land, as has been pointed out, he wants to pass that on to his children. He may try to persuade one son at least to follow him in the service of the church. In one Peloponnesian village I found that a priest's son now off at the seminary was coming back to succeed his father, thus making a fourth generation of priests from the same family serving that parish. When I mentioned this to bishops and others familiar with church matters, they pointed out that this was a common phenomenon, and even gave the names of villages where a fifth-generation member from the same family was ministering to the same parish.

Should a parish vacancy occur, the bishop, who is informed about it as a matter of course, announces in the local papers as well as in the church papers that there is a vacancy in such and such a village and that all qualified people may apply. He goes through the applications, selects the eligible candidates, and posts their names on the door of the cathedral, with the notice that anyone who knows any reason why these people should not serve as priests should inform the bishop. After due time has elapsed, he makes the choice, giving heavy weight, according to one bishop who discussed this, to educational qualifications and moral considerations.

793 In pursuing in greater detail the relationship between the parish priest and the state, I learned that it was under the leadership of Archbishop 465 (Metropolitan) Damaskinos, who played such an important part in helping [659] his country through the politically troubled waters from German occupation back to self-government, that the priests were put on a salary paid by the state. Before that, they had been paid from fees and also by products from the parishioners. *Kondota,* or the subscription by families of so much wheat, eggs, olive oil, and such, to the priest if he would serve them was [794] widely practiced before the present salary arrangement was made. In round figures, the parishes now contribute about one fourth of the amount

793

needed to pay the priests' salaries, with the difference coming from state 465
revenue. Also, the local parishes have to pay an amount equal to 6 percent
of their priest's salary to the bishop toward the retirement fund for the [745]
local priest.

For salary purposes, the priests are divided into four classes: those who [874]
have gone through the theological faculty of the university; those who have attended the seminary, perhaps one or two years beyond gymnasium; those who have no seminary but who have finished gymnasium; and those put
in a miscellaneous category. There are apparently sufficient candidates for 793
the priesthood now, and some effort is being made to fashion their curriculum to prepare them to serve village needs more effectively; even the older priests are encouraged to come back for periods of study. One member of the Holy Synod thought that the priests ought to know more about agriculture, economics, and first aid, so that they might play a more vital part in community life. His view of the priest's role was that "he is to help people with their problems of all kinds and settle any disputes among the villagers."

But what part does the village priest really play? As has already been 793
indicated, the Greeks are ambivalent toward the priest.[9] "As an individual,
he commands respect, and gives advice to those who seek it. However, he 554
is also a figure of ridicule and of ill omen."[10] A great deal depends upon the personality of the priest himself. One informant told me that when he was a boy their village had had a wonderful priest who was very important. Today, even though the people are probably just as much attached to their religion, the present priest is not popular. In the course of an extended conversation with the people in a village near Volos, we asked what kind of priest they had. "Oh, our priest is from around Karpenesi. He has five children and is a good family man." He was not singled out for praise because of any priestly performance, but because of his conformity to basic
village values. But children in that same village must have heard many, 793
many times the local account of what happened to some monks who lived
in a monastery not far from the village. This had been built in 1714 as an 173
annex of a Mount Athos establishment, but in due course of time the monks became "naughty" in that they called to and teased the women who were on their way to work in the fields. Finally the villagers could stand this no longer, so the men took the monks to a rock overlooking the sea and told them to jump. The monks jumped and were never heard of again. The present priest, unlike the monks, is "a good family man."

Very persistent and widespread is the belief, already mentioned, that an 793
encounter with the priest brings bad luck. If peasants starting on some new
venture meet a priest, they will turn back home and not begin it on that 777
day for fear of failure. Anyone who meets a priest, in addition to "giving" the bad luck to a companion by hitting him on the shoulder, can tie a knot

793 in a handkerchief, thereby putting the priest under his control so he will
[777] do no harm. But, bad luck or not, the priest is indispensable. At numerous
repasts celebrating a christening, a nameday, or some other important event,
we had to wait what seemed an interminable length of time because the
priest could not arrive any earlier. Without him, nothing could get under
way. One serious student of Greek rural life said: "In Greece when a priest
is missing, it is a great calamity, for the Greek is not used to praying by
himself without a priest." [11] In earlier days when the belief in vampires
[754] was much more widespread than today, it was the priest, the minister of
God, who alone had any power over them. He could calm the fears of the
people.

793 The responsibility for the local parish does not fall entirely upon the
priest, although the chief responsibility is his. There is a church board,
794 consisting of three to five members, with the priest as president. The
nominations for this board are submitted to the bishop by the priest, and the bishop
designates them as official members of the board. One member of the
board is the treasurer. When these local officials are asked just what their
duties are, they usually include in their replies: to help the priest, to look
after the finances, and to care for the church building. This board has as
one of its chief duties the sale of the candles in the church vestibule
and can use the proceeds of the sale for local church needs. In most communities
it is considered a great honor to serve as a member of this board,
although this position requires much work and frequently has more
responsibility than the presidency of the local cooperative.

A recent development is the growth of the Sunday school, held after the
regular morning service. Young boys, girls, and a few women are usually
found in attendance, although young people up to the age of twenty are
urged to attend. Throughout much of Greece the priest gives the instruction,
[875] although in Northern Greece we found many villages where the
teacher had taken over this extra duty. Usually the same lesson is given to
all age groups at the same time. It is customary in some places, such as the
Attic villages we visited, for the school to be held on a weekday by the
teacher, in which case it was not called Sunday school but "the preaching
school."

795 The heart, however, of the Greek Orthodox Church — as of many other
788 Christian bodies — is the Sunday-morning Mass. Anyone attending cannot
help but notice the building itself, usually in the shape of a Greek cross,
[346] with the ends terminating in apses. Over the center there is a dome
representing heaven. In front, the altar screen (*eikonostasion*), on which one
[778] finds the icons or pictures of various saints, separates the altar (*vema*),
which no woman can enter, from the nave, where the worshippers
[562] congregate.[12] The priest moves back and forth between altar and nave in what
seems a random manner to the uninitiated. As he turns to face the altar,

the icon of Christ is on his right and that of St. John the Baptist next to it. 795
To his left one sees on the altar the icon of the Virgin, and farther to the 788
left the icon of the saint for whom the church was named. [778]

The congregation stands during the service, except for a few infirm who
can lean against supports along the wall; there is no instrumental music, as
the priest and the chanter carry the service themselves in a language that
much of the time is unintelligible to the worshippers. The gospels are read [198]
in Koine, or New Testament Greek, and the liturgy, written by St. John
Chrysostom toward the end of the fourth century, is in the Greek of that
period. When the priest delivers a sermon, he uses his version of katharevousa,
if he is sufficiently schooled; otherwise, he speaks in demotike.
Apparently the worshippers are moved by the ceremony, the procession,
the swinging censers, and the chanting even more than by the actual meaning
of the words to which they listen. Now and then in the liturgy, however,
come familiar passages which most can understand because of having
learned their meaning in school or from some relative.

The worshippers, among whom small children may be running or tugging, [852]
include very few men. They come out for special festival services but
show no interest in the regular Sunday-morning service, which is viewed [562]
as the woman's social hour. Even during the service women catch up on
the latest happenings throughout the village.

The priest, however, is busy at other times, too. Dorothy Lee describes 771
it this way:

788

> Religion permeates Greek life, punctuating it with ritual. No Greek, urban or 793●
> rural, would think of initiating anything important without a religious inauguration.
> Schools open with the inaugurative *agiasmos*, "making holy"; the founda- [369]
> tion stone of every house is laid with *agiasmos;* merchants begin new under-
> takings with the proper religious inauguration. On Epiphany, the sea is made [342]
> holy for those who journey on it. In the country, blessed water is carried from
> the Epiphany Mass to sprinkle on the fields. The Virgin and the Saints are in- [823]
> voked, but not mainly as correctives; their main function is to endow an under-
> taking with good and success, it is not primarily to prevent or correct. . . .
> Priests are called in, and Saints and the Virgin invoked, also, when difficulties [782]
> arise. Vows are made for the recovery of a loved one; the priest is called when
> the family has had a run of misfortune, to "make holy" and exorcise the evil. [789]
> Priests conduct a rain litany to break a drought.[13]

The parish as such consists of no such array of organized groups as 793
comprise an American congregation; the priest is not trying to convert the
unbeliever or change the daily life of his people. He is there to help them [794]
meet life's emergencies, to instill a love for their religion and their country,
and to act as peacemaker when disputes threaten the harmony of the com- [627]
munity.[14]

The Bishop of Messenia and His Good Works

793 794 [346] The contrast between an ordinary priest's home and the bishop's palace in Kalamata is quite marked, for the latter was once the ornate building housing the local branch of the Bank of Greece. But the bishop's interest in the people of his diocese, both the city dwellers in Kalamata and the farmers in the surrounding villages, equaled that of any priest for his parishioners. The bishop, when visited in 1953, proved a friendly, jovial person, with an iron-gray beard, a dignified though rotund figure, and a very forward-looking social philosophy. It was this latter quality in particular that had made me seek him out after hearing from friends in Athens of his unusual achievements in the welfare field.

He began to talk about what he had done and hoped to do for his people: "I became interested when I saw their great needs, for, as a church leader, I am responsible for the welfare of whatever people are under me." But before he started on any specific projects after his arrival in this diocese, he had thought it best, as he phrased it, "to put myself at the disposal of the people." He gradually gained the confidence of the members of his diocese by making available to them for local use all of the church's funds derived from festivals. The people began to realize that this bishop was interested in them. Later on, when he began asking them to support the various projects which he started, they gladly cooperated.

793 747 His first project was a day nursery, which takes care of one hundred and twenty children whose mothers are at work, started in 1947. Visiting this nursery in the afternoon when all of the children had gone home, we noted the cleanliness and the simple but adequate facilities. The success of this nursery prompted the bishop to start another one in Mycenae for one hundred children in 1948.

736 793 848 [597] [847] One perplexing problem was that of illegitimate children. In many cases the mother would kill such a child or leave it with people who exploited it unmercifully. So he started a home for these children in 1947. Since then, two hundred and fifty children have gone through the home, sixty of them have been adopted and fifty were there then. The equipment was simple and bare, but everything was spotless. When we entered, the children came up to the bishop with great pleasure, for he is a favorite with the young children. One of the nurses told us: "When we have a child that is lonesome, who won't eat, we ask the bishop to come feed the child. When he comes, the child always eats."

793 736 [597] [657] The bishop noticed, however, that many of the boy foundlings, but relatively few of the girl foundlings, would be adopted. The boys who were not taken by foster parents by their fifth or sixth year would go into the National Boys' Orphanage of Kalamata, largely supported by the state, which had one hundred and fifty boys in 1953. Something had to be done for the girls.

So the bishop arranged for nuns at a convent on the edge of town to teach 793
some of the girls to spin and weave silk. For two hundred years the nuns 736
of this convent have been leaders in the silk industry. In 1770, under the 792
Turks, the nuns with their abbess were exiled to Constantinople, went to
Broussa, and learned the manipulation of silk. Later, when they were able 288
to come back to Kalamata, they brought with them the silkworm eggs and
started the silk industry. Many local girls come to the convent to learn how [175]
to carry on silkworm production and weaving on a simple loom at home. [231]
So, the bishop thought, these same nuns would be able to teach these orphan
girls the silk industry, and many other things as well. When we visited the
convent, eighteen girls were living there, but buildings were nearing completion
which would accommodate up to fifty girls. Queen Frederika had
come to help dedicate the cornerstones. But the nuns were anxious to show
us where they produced the fine silk cloth we had been admiring. It was a
strange experience to go with the nuns into the big room full of textile
machines and to see the dexterity with which these women clad in medieval
garments managed the complex machinery, even to the point of making
many mechanical repairs.

One institution which the bishop showed us with evident pride was a 793
tuberculosis sanatorium. To reach it we had to ride from his palace through
the town to a mountain a few miles distant. We could not help notice the 734
people's affection for the bishop: men, upon seeing him, would take off [788]
their hats and women would cross themselves. Some of this, we knew, was
done because he was a bishop and thus due a certain amount of reverence,
but the expression of warmth on the faces of the people indicated their
genuine appreciation of what the bishop was doing for them.

When we arrived at the sanatorium, the bishop explained: "Why should [164]
a few old monks have such a beautiful site to live in when tuberculosis was
proving such a scourge to so many people? I told the monks they could go
pray somewhere else and that we would make this into a sanatorium." Of
course, the bishop admitted that he was oversimplifying the problem a bit,
for even the Greek Orthodox Church has its red tape. In any event, he had
succeeded in getting about twenty patients out into this healthful spot under
proper care. One of the first things he did upon our arrival was to go check
the menu posted in the kitchen, for he takes a personal interest in what is
being served to the patients.

While at the sanatorium we noticed a number of donkeys tied outside 783
and many peasant men and women sitting at the door of the little church
dedicated to St. Elijah. We learned that many of these peasants had come 788
quite far on this Sunday and had brought gifts of food and oil to the sanatorium [734]
as *psychiko*, a word which comes from Byzantine times and means
property donated to monasteries or churches by pious pilgrims for the salvation
of their souls. These peasants proved a lighthearted group, probably

783 788 because the mere act of bringing whatever they had to contribute gave them an emotional uplift.

793 [737] [874] [177] [743] But still we had not seen the end of the bishop's good works. In 1949 he had organized a home for the aged where seventy elderly people live in relative comfort. The most ambitious project of all, however, was a polytechnic school started for the youth of the area. He had already spent about $37,000 on the first floor alone. The school had opened the previous November (1952) and already had two hundred pupils. Here was an institution that the Marshall Plan had helped. The school bore the name Papaflessa, in honor of one of the Greek patriots of the war of independence. While looking over this school we also learned about one more activity, a hospital of one hundred and fifty beds whose foundation had just recently been laid by the bishop and his coworkers.

793 794 657 The financing of even one of these undertakings, not to say the whole complement of institutions, would be a staggering task in any country, especially in one as poorly endowed as Greece. Although the bishop never confided the secret of his success, I heard from others that skillful diplomacy had stood him in good stead. He would start with a certain amount that he could take from his bishop's fund; he would then go to Athens and persuade the people in the Welfare Ministry that local people would match the funds of the central government if it would contribute; then, back home, he would call together the leading businessmen and say that he could get so much from the central government if they would put up such-and-such an amount. Since all parties did their share, he was able to get the necessary money for capital expenditures.

793 794 [428] [769] For the operation of these institutions, and their total number of inmates or patients is considerable, he draws upon other resources. Some of the people in his diocese upon death will to some specified institution their homes, olive groves, or money. Instead of having an expensive memorial service, with several priests, for a dead relative at the stated periods required by the church, the people are having simple memorial services and giving the difference in what they would pay to an institution; instead of buying expensive wreaths, they are giving the money to the foundling home, the sanatorium, or perhaps the old people's home. The bishop, too, has organized the rural parishes so that each parish turns over olive oil, meat, cheese, and eggs to a person who collects this produce and distributes it to the institution. Or, as already mentioned, some of the people want to bring their contributions in person. Many are asked to donate labor: one builds a door, another puts in windows, and everybody has a sense of participating.

[748] Visiting the bishop raised many questions in my mind about all that I had learned in America about modern child-welfare practices, care of the aged, and the like. Social work as a profession is just getting a start in Greece; much humanitarian activity is carried on by upper-class women of

the cities in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. Under the circumstances in Greece 793
today, nothing could seem more natural to the local people than to have 794
the church, in the person of a gifted bishop, work out arrangements to meet
their pressing welfare needs. How such a complicated network of institutions [748]
would be kept going should the energetic bishop not be around was a matter that gave one pause; but one must live in the present when human lives are at stake, and that is what the bishop was doing. He was following a well-established practice in making the church the channel for helping others.

The kind of help called *psychiko* is done for the soul, for the forgiveness 783
of the souls of one's dead loved ones; it is customarily given in the form 736
of helping the poor members of the community — the sick, the widows, 476
and the orphans — out of purely Christian feeling. When some family is
suffering misfortune in a village, the priest announces the fact in church [769]
and invites those who can help to do so. This is a form of aid in which those helping are not usually repaid, which makes it differ from the kinds of mutual aid discussed in an earlier chapter. In Koroni, in the western Peloponnesos, for instance, if a widow needs a crop harvested or threshed, grapes picked, or some field work done, the priest will announce that on such and such a day this widow has *xelassi*, as this arrangement is called, and those who wish can go to help. She feeds them, but they derive a spiritual rather than a material benefit from the work they contribute.

Or in Epirus, some important member of the community, not the priest, may send out the town crier or field guard to call from some height: "Listen, village, tomorrow we will carry from the mountain some wood for the home of Kyra Tassena, the widow of Tasso. All those who have mules must send them and those who haven't got any must come to help. Nobody must be
missing."[15] He will then close with the proverb, *tona cheiri nivi talo kai* [539]
ta dio to prosopo (the one hand washes the other, and both of them the face).

Sundays and holidays, days on which peasants are not supposed to work 783
in their own fields, are quite suitable for psychiko, or work done for the
good of one's soul. D. A. Petropoulos, on whose article much of this discussion 794
of psychiko is based, maintains that what characteristically distinguishes [527]
Christian philanthropy from ancient Greek philanthropy is that
the first connects religion with the salvation of the soul, while in the ancient [127]
days help was given out of a purely logical understanding in order to have a normal social and communal system.[16]

The transition from this method of dealing with human need to the 785
professional approach of contemporary social work is quite a leap. What
progress is being made in training social workers in Greece is through the 748
Young Women's Christian Association (but this again is a semireligious [873]
attachment), or through the Queen's Fund, providing scholarships at
Pierce College.

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17. A monk on the ageless journey to Salamis with casks from his monastery to be filled or to sell.

18. Godparents hold the child before the priest for a controlled moment in the exuberance of a baptism, Macedonia.

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[p. 272-K]

THE VILLAGE NOTABLES

554 Contrary to popular belief, one does not always find the village notables sitting around the coffeehouse. Most of them are usually busy people, working in their fields, around their houses, or in a shop. They do make at least brief appearances around the square some time during the day, most probably after supper. Loafers do not become notables in a Greek village. To learn who these notables were, I asked throughout mainland Greece: "Who are the most important people in your village? Why are they important?"

[622] I was struck by the fact that in 1955 and 1959 more people seemed to stress the high prestige of the community president than they had done in 1953. This impression, if fully verified, would indicate a growing importance of and a re-emphasis upon local government in the Greek scheme of things. One priest in the Peloponnesos attributed this shift to the fact that "interest in religion is not as great as twenty years ago and church attendance has declined." A few typical replies, many contradicting each other in some
554 details, will convey the villager's view of the notables in his community.
875 From Central Greece:

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> The greatest honor in our village is to be president of the community. Those who are most respected are those with the most money. Anyone who has money receives a hearty "good morning"; without money he doesn't. This is because our people are not educated. In fact, the priest gets more respect than the teacher, which is not as it should be. The local doctor, too, is respected.

From another village in Central Greece we hear:

> The most important people are the most educated, either the doctor or the teacher who, thanks to his education, can solve a problem in which the people are interested. We have some clever people who try to overshadow the teacher in order to influence other villagers, but if they are to do this they must be respected. If an extremely clever person is immoral, he has no great prestige. Two things influence other people: to be just in his judgment and honorable. We respect a man more if he is honorable than if he is rich. Even an uneducated man who is a good farmer and has good judgment and is honorable can have influence.

[665] Party leaders in former times would have been included among the notables, according to a businessman from Thebes:

> In my childhood days the party leader would have ranked as most important, particularly if he belonged to the strongest party and would be able to help local people solve their problems. Nowadays in the village the president of the community would play a great part. The doctor, if there is one, has high position, provided that he is respected by the others. In the old days the priest
> 000 and teacher were more respected than today. In my childhood when the teacher

In my childhood when the teacher
or priest would pass through the village square people would stand up. The 554
local merchants in the village have changed their status little, for their role in 875
life is still to do commerce.

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The extent to which the priest or the president of the local cooperative, 622
where it exists, is considered important depends today very much upon the [474]
personalities of the individuals involved. One person said:

> The role of the priest should be mentioned along with the teacher and doctor. He should lead because he represents the church and is more educated than the peasants. But there are some priests who play little part in community life. I know of one who drinks too much, shoots off his revolver, and is not respected.

The relative prestige of the village notables has been influenced by the practice of the central government in providing the teacher and the priest. Only the community president comes into office as the result of local initiative, but even his status, though gaining ground, is not what it used to be thirty or forty years ago:

> The president of the village is usually a better man than the president of the [474]
> cooperative because there is more tradition behind his office. But it does not always hold that the best man is picked as president. In Thessaly forty years ago when the president came into the coffeehouse all the men rose in deference to "their president."

A man from a mountain village in Central Greece who is active in the cooperative movement contrasted the various statuses in his community:

> I find that the teacher enjoyed more prestige formerly than now. Earlier there was a higher percentage of illiterates, but today many village sons have gone away for a higher education and so people are not so dependent upon the teacher. Since officials do not wish to undermine the position of the teacher, the agronom and other representatives of the nomarchia always consult the teacher when arriving in the village.

This man thought the secretary of the village more important than the president.

When I put the question of relative prestige of the notables to a group of students at the American Farm School in Salonica, I found the anticipated difference of opinion. The majority of the boys, all from villages, said that the president of the community was most important, but others said that the priest would be "if he is from the village itself and has a good reputation." They pointed out that the president of the community becomes involved in politics and is therefore apt to antagonize those who may
differ with him politically. Of the twenty villages represented, fourteen had [759]
doctors. Only six of these were considered community leaders. These village boys also thought, for the most part, that the wealthy peasants were

554 not necessarily considered in the select group unless they held some other
875 office such as community president. In Northern Greece, if a villager has
●793 achieved renown by fighting in one of the wars for the liberation of Macedonia, he will rank high. He becomes the personification of local history,
622 and what he says about the war will be given more credence than what the
[729] textbooks say. He was there and saw things with his own eyes.

A generation or two ago one's age had much to do with the respect shown
[561] to him but this value is shifting:

> Older people used to be the leaders. Now the tendency is toward the educated and wealthy, although the community president is chosen much on the same basis as before. He generally ranks first in importance. The teachers and priests are better-educated than they used to be so their influence is greater.

The above sentence seems to contradict the observation that as people become more educated they rely less on the teacher and priest. What actually happens is that the basis for respecting these two notables shifts. In villages where a progressive spirit is abroad, if they show an interest in doing things for the community and are not merely functionaries carrying out the narrow round of activities connected with their jobs, then they acquire prestige. But it is only the better-educated priests and teachers who show any genuine community orientation. This was reaffirmed by a nomarch in the Peloponnesos who, while listing the president of the community as actually and legally the most important man, also observed: "On the other hand, a teacher or priest may rank high due to outstanding personality characteristics."

554 I noticed in Central Greece and the Peloponnesos that from time to
167 time some native son, who had spent several years in the United States,
177 would be included with the notables. At first, I wondered whether he was trotted out because he could speak a few words of English, but then I noticed that others who also had been to the States were kept in the background. To receive prestige in many, though by no means all, villages, the returnee must show generosity that no other local inhabitant is expected to demonstrate.

Nor can one overstate the omnipresence of these village Greeks who have spent some time in America.[1] In one village of less than two thousand I found more than forty older men who had been to the United States. The net social effect of this reservoir of foreign experience was almost negligible. One returnee said: "Even if you come back with new ideas, you must conform to life about you, for those ideas are not applicable here. If you stay here you will be like a peasant in a year; if I went back to the States I would become a gentleman again."

49 621 361 182 the easy access to roads and transportation to and from the village has important consequences for its culture and social structure.

49 133 The Boeotian plain is bounded by mountain systems and the sea. Running west and north, the Parnis, Kithaeron, and Helicon ranges as well as Parnassos itself separate it from the plains of Attica. The town of Lamia on the small Sperchios plain to the north and the west can be reached only by traversing parts of the Kallidromon and Ghiona mountains. To the east, an extension of the Kallidromon range makes access to the Gulf of Atalanti difficult. But the most important road which runs over and around the mountains and through the plains from Athens to Thessalonika has been paved throughout its length since World War II. It is now a two-lane asphalt highway which serves as a truck and bus route of major importance in the communications system of the country. In most of Boeotia, the highway runs more or less parallel with and not far from the tracks of the Athens-to-Thessalonika railroad.

49 484 The village of Vasilika lies on the slope of a low ridge just a half mile off this main highway. Since the summer of 1956, a local bus comes through the main street of the village twice a day, at 6:00 in the morning and at noon.

361 Going in the direction of Athens, ninety miles distant, the bus passes a British Petroleum (BP) station and restaurant a mile and a half down the road and traverses several villages. Its destination, however, is usually Levadhia, fifteen miles from Vasilika. Levadhia is the provincial capital and marketing center of some 12,000 population. Here bus connections to Athens may be made. [162]

In the opposite direction, the nearest village of some size and importance is Kifisokhori. It lies five miles up the road from Vasilika. Kifisokhori has, among other facilities not available in Vasilika, flour mills, large grocery stores, [256] barbers, doctors, a pharmacy, a movie, and several taxis. Whether they use the bus or load their horses with flour for the mill and walk by way of the shortcut through the fields, the people of Vasilika go most frequently to Kifisokhori.

Further north and off to the west, but only about eight miles past Kifisokhori, is Amphiklia. This town is the seat for tax collections and other governmental financial matters for the fiscal district in which Vasilika is situated. On the 16th of each month, for example, the priests of the village within Amphiklia's jurisdiction gather in the town to collect government salaries. Amphiklia also has a coeducational gymnasium (the approximate equivalent of an American high school and junior college combined). Several boys and girls from Vasilika live in that town to attend the school. [651] [793] [873] [591]

49 484 The people of Vasilika can also travel in the direction of the sea. The dirt road which starts at the highway leads to the houses of the village, then becomes the main street, and finally extends beyond the settlement between the borders of the fields and the foot of the ridge on which the village is situated. Never free of ruts, of dust, and in the winter, of mud, the road narrows and deteriorates further as it passes the last village house. Nevertheless, pedestrians, donkeys, horses, tractors, and even, with some difficulty, trucks and buses can get through. Half a mile past the last village house, at the banks of the Kiphisus, this road meets the road to Atalanti. Buses from Levadhia that have turned off

the members of several farm households get supplementary income from various 434
sources besides wage labor. Bee-keeping, for example, is becoming an increasingly 511
popular supplementary activity. Three households have as many as a 231
dozen hives and sell the honey. A few households raise pigeons as an extra
source of food, and now and then one or two may join together to raise a pig. 235
One farmer's son has what might be called the "fish concession" in Vasilika. He 443
contracts to buy the fresh fish from an itinerant vendor and then sells the fish in 438
Vasilika at a tiny profit.

The proprietorship of the coffeehouses in Vasilika enables two of 445
Vasilika's households substantially to supplement the income which they derive
from their agricultural holdings.

Two young, still unmarried girls have had training as dressmakers. One
of the girls, who learned her skill in Athens, spends all her time sewing and 294
rarely contributes to fieldwork on the farm. The second girl, who had her apprenticeship 463
in Levadhia, works on clothes for her customers in intervals between
all her field and household chores. Every woman in the village can do
some sewing and several have foot-driven machines, but the two seamstresses
are kept busy and add to the cash income of their households.

The traditional role of the village priest is occupied in Vasilika by a 793
substantial farmer, with a wife, five grown children, and several grandchildren.
He not only performs his regular religious duties but is also the head of the 463
church and the few properties owned by it. He receives a small salary from the 434
state, and also derives income from performing baptisms, weddings, and 796
funerals. Greek Orthodox tradition requires the priest to officiate at other occasions,
such as the dedication of a new home or the termination of a woman's 846
forty days of seclusion after childbirth, and he receives small money gifts for
these services. But on the tax rolls of the community the priest's occupation is
listed as farmer. This is a reasonable designation because both he and his wife,
natives of the village, have inherited some local lands. The priest's household,
therefore, participates in the agricultural cycle common to the rest of the farmers.
Although the priest now confines himself largely to supervision, if there is an
unexpected need for extra labor, he tucks up his flowing robes and pitches in.

The village church organization provides for three additional salaried 463
posts: two farmers serve as chanters and an elderly widow as sexton. Finally,
the formal political organization of the village includes the position of secretary 794
to the village council. This office is a minor civil service post which requires no 624
qualification other than literacy, pays a small monthly stipend, and is usually
held by the appointee as long as he performs his duties satisfactorily. 434

In all the cases just described, the supplementary activities are superimposed
on the grape-wheat-cotton-tobacco farming base. The shepherds of 433
contemporary Vasilika, however, have a significantly different round of life
which there is insufficient space to discuss fully here.

156 is not to admit one's own shortcomings, so a family will protect its members by
828 overt support even when they engage in admittedly deviant behavior. An individual
571 is told within the family circle that he is bringing disgrace on all its members,
but he knows equally well that the family will protect him outside from as
594 many of the consequences of his acts as possible. Families sacrifice much to send
offending sons and daughters into other communities or to protect them in other
ways. Children, in turn, speak well of their parents and tell of their accomplishments,
even under circumstances in which the facts would not warrant such
loyalty. The combat unit, for some occasions at least, is therefore the entire elementary
family in its relationships with other families, and, indeed, with the
rest of the world.

571 Congruent with this state of affairs is the fact that when the battle is not
578 between families, the lines of antagonism are not drawn between age grades or
sexes. The battle is not between the old and the young, or between men and
women. It is rather old against other old, young against other young, men against
other men, and women against other women.

571 Let us consider age groupings first. These are seen by the villagers roughly
561 as pre-school children; school children up to twelve years old, at which time they
88 have finished the elementary grades; adolescents, who are considered young until
they marry; married adults; and finally elders, marked by the fact that their children
are married. The divisions are not clearly defined and there is much overlapping,
but to a certain extent each younger group treats the next older category
of people with at least some of the deference with which all treat the elders; and
each older group treats the next younger with some of the peremptoriness with
which the elders are entitled to treat all others. Since the patterns of deference
561 toward older men and the reciprocal nondeference are the standards for behavior
576 among people of different social position, they shall be described here. Older
888 men are always seated quickly and are not left standing under any circumstances.
In the winter their seat is directly opposite the fireplace, while the women and
children sit at right angles to the men. Older men are given the best chair the
establishment affords; they are permitted to lean against the stalls in the front of
the church while others usually may not do so. Young men do not smoke in
593 front of their fathers; there is an avoidance of ribald conversation between the
276 age groups. Older men in the village are addressed by courtesy titles such as *barba*
(uncle) or, if considerably older than the speaker, as *papuli* (grandfather); and
521 older men are always served first if there are no visitors present. Within the
793 family, sons and daughters kiss the hands of their parents when they return after
an absence. All children do this for respected elders who visit the village, while
a large majority of the villagers on formal occasions greet the village priest in
this fashion.

Elders in their relations with younger people address them by their given
names and have the privilege of ordering them to run errands or to perform all
kinds of small services. The tone in which older people order the younger is
loud, often peremptory, and frequently is an exhortation to hurry. *"Glighora!,
glighora!,"* "Fast!" said in a tone of command and dismissal, is perhaps the
most telling expression of a superordinate person's relation to a subordinate. The

planting that season accepted the fact with resignation. The agitation died down 312
after several days and the matter was not mentioned again. 208

Let us return now to the other officials and organizations that have
responsibilities concerning the village as a whole. Law enforcement in Vasilika 625
is in the hands of two *aghrofilakes* (rural policemen). They are appointed by 634
the nomarch and are responsible for preventing and detecting animal trespass
in the fields and thefts of produce as well as of personal property. They also 674
watch sales of cotton and tobacco and can therefore furnish information of value
for estimating produce taxes. The village police are sometimes called in to deal 651
with disorderly conduct or with any physical violence which threatens to become
serious. The *aghrofilakes* wear grey uniforms with green trim and are easily distinguished
from the other villagers. Vasilika's police used to be *kseni* (strangers) 292
who came from two different neighboring villages, but in 1961 the men were 661
natives of the village who were relatives of the then current president.

There are two other semigovernmental village-wide organizations: the agricultural
cooperative credit society, and the welfare committee. The villagers elect 624
a president of the credit society, whose signature is necessary on almost all 474
requests for credit, since the Agricultural Bank works in conjunction with the
cooperative. The village priest, the president of the council, and the president 652
of the agricultural credit society constitute the welfare committee. They attest 793
to the financial need of a villager who wishes to avail himself of free government
welfare services. In most cases, however, the village families who occasion- 657
ally need help receive irregular gifts of food and clothing from other village
families, and their plight is not considered a matter for joint village action. 735
When several cartons of surplus American butter, cheese, and powdered milk
reached the village, it was the priest who distributed the goods. On that occasion, 252
the daughter of one of the recipients brought some butter (which the villagers
usually do not use in cooking or baking) to a neighbor's daughter, who con- 177
tributed eggs, flour, and sugar. The two girls spent a busy afternoon mixing a cake according to a half-remembered recipe given them by an extension worker some years before. The cake was not a success by any standards for such confections, but the girls were satisfied because they had produced a European-style sweet.

The Village School

The village school is supervised and controlled by the Ministry of Educa- 872
tion in Athens. The teacher is appointed by the ministry, which also prescribes 875
the curriculum. In Vasilika, in 1955–1956, the school had thirty pupils distributed unevenly among the six grades. The first grade had the largest number of children because its ranks were augmented by the children of the shepherds, some of whom had had no previous schooling and were assigned to the first grade regardless of age. A man originally from the Peloponnesus taught the children. He had married a woman from Parori, who was herself one of the

watch the plays, and together concentrate their attention for over an hour on 872
exactly the same activity. 527
621

The Village Church

The affairs of the church in Vasilika are administered by the priest 794
with the aid of a committee of four men. Committee members are selected for
three-year terms by the bishop from a list sent by the priest. One of the members 793
of the committee is the treasurer for the church. He makes the collections at
services and generally supervises the church's funds. In Vasilika income for the 427
church is derived from the Sunday collections, the sale of offerings of wheat
and olive oil made on special feast days, the sale of candles, rent on church
property such as the old school building and the community office (both of
these buildings were put up by the church as an investment), and the sale of
produce from some twenty church-owned *stremata*. The priest is now given a
small salary by the national government, but one-quarter of the church's income 793
must be returned to the national treasury as a partial contribution of the com- 659
munity to the priest's salary. The other expenses of the church include the 465
salaries (eighty drachmas a month) paid to each of the chanters and to the
sexton. In Vasilika, the latter office is held by a sixty-year-old woman who is
often assisted in her duties by her grandchildren. The physical maintenance of 358
the buildings is also a responsibility of the church committee, and in 1959 they
arranged for an extensive renovation of the main church.

The description just given is that of the formal organization of church 793
affairs. In Vasilika the priest himself has more than his share of influence on
all decisions and, indeed, it was said that one of the committee members in 1956 794
never went to any meetings of the church committee (they are said to be held
about four times a year). The priest is a native of Vasilika, in his sixties.
He is a strong, vigorous, and imposing figure, somewhat taller than the average
villager and with a personality, temper, and voice to match. As he chants the 788
liturgy the priest's deep voice fills the church, so that the elegant cadences of
the Greek Orthodox mass gain added beauty. Because the priest and his sons 554
have arranged his patrimony well, the priest as a private landowner is one of
the more prosperous men in the village and for that reason, as well as for his
personal qualities, he commands considerable respect.

Under the leadership of the priest, church affairs can, on rare occasions, 793
involve the entire male population of the village. At about one o'clock on a
rainy Sunday afternoon in the fall of 1955, the church bell rang. The men 794
and the boys of the village streamed down the hill into the *aghora*. There they 626
stood in the heavy rain as the priest, in his flowing black robes, as usual, and
holding the only umbrella in the gathering over himself, began an impassioned 537
oration. Several men responded with equal eloquence and after about a half-hour 293
of speeches, they disbanded. It seems that one of the shepherds, who had rented
a church-owned small house, was refusing to pay the rent asked of him. He had 427

793 been threatened with eviction but had not responded even to this. The priest
794 had called the men of the community together to try to get backing for his
626 decision to evict the man. The authority was granted him on that rainy Sunday,
537 but the shepherd finally agreed to go part way toward meeting the demand and
continued to live in the house.
427

Religious Feast Days

796 If the formal organization of church affairs involves village-wide action
[621] or concern only in times of crisis, certain feasts and ceremonies of the Greek
Orthodox Church certainly provide a focus of interest for the entire village
at regular intervals during the year. The most conspicuous of these is the sequence of events by which the villagers celebrate Easter. The Sunday before Lent
begins is the particular day which starts the holiday observances in Vasilika.
After church services, children ran about in the morning trying to throw
powdered soot at each other and at unsuspecting adults. Later in the day, the
796 children and unmarried men and women dressed in costumes in preparation for
292 the arrival of the musicians—this time there were a clarinetist, a violinist, and
534 the player of a *sanduri* (dulcimer). Some boys and girls dressed as animals and
their trainers went around in groups trying to frighten the very small children
or just laughing at their own antics. The young people dressed themselves as
gypsies, and some of the boys put on women's clothes and walked around with
mincing steps and female gestures, while some of the girls donned men's
[535] clothes and twirled false moustaches. Throughout the afternoon and early evening the musicians sat in the *aghora* and the young people and their elders
danced in the space between the two coffeehouses, as virtually all the rest of the
village population sat and watched. Some spectators sat at the coffeehouse tables
796 drinking beer or soda; others brought chairs from home to sit along the walls of
534 the houses near the *aghora*. Still others watched from second-story windows
535 overlooking the area. All the spectators sat quietly and without expression. Those
[273] who danced paid the musicians and occasionally the watchers would proffer a
glass of *ouzo* (anise liqueur) to the male dancers and to the musicians.

The dances themselves were the most commonly known traditional round dances of the Greek countryside: the *kalamatyanos*, *sirtos*, and *tsamikos*, danced in Vasilika by both men and women, but usually not at the same time. Men danced the *zembekikos* and the *khasapikos* as solos.

[562] On this occasion, and on any other when musicians came to the village,
the women of some of the more sophisticated families joined their male rela-
[275] tives sitting around the small coffeehouse tables.

In the evening, several families joined together for a meat-eating feast,
796 after which bonfires were lit in different sections of the village; this time the
[574] adults joined in the carnival spirit of practical jokes and danced and sang in
the security of their own neighborhoods until early morning. The next day is
[484] "Clean Monday." Many of the villagers visited Kifisokhori, which has a carnival
[541]

[pp. iv-ix, 1-9 not processed]

II

600

SOME UNFAMILIAR PERSPECTIVES

> "And who", quoth the Patriarch . . . "Who is the Archbishop of Canterbury?"
> "What?" said I, a little astonished at the question.
> "Who", said he, "is this Archbishop?"
> "Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury."
> "Archbishop of *what?*" said the Patriarch.
> "Canterbury", said I.
> "Oh", said the Patriarch. "Ah! Yes! and who is he?"
>
> THE HON. ROBERT CURZON, JR.
> *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, London, 1849

795

THE western Christian who would enter with understanding into the spirit of the Greek Church must be prepared to approach with a certain childlike simplicity a strange world that will not be forced into the mould of familiar categories; a world in which traditional western controversies become meaningless, where the Pope is regarded as the arch-Protestant and the Christian Scientist as an eccentric Roman Catholic.

What is the western Christian to make of a Church, so manifestly conservative and hierarchical in its whole ordering, which yet accords to the laity so prominent—even, some might say, obtrusive—a place in its public worship; in which laymen preach and teach while the clergy meekly attend; a Church which detects in the western Protestant's refusal to use incense a sign of popery; which honours the monastic vocation and refuses to tolerate the unmarried parish priest? What of the Greek country parson: a peasant-farmer, unlettered and, by western standards, virtually untrained, administering the *mysteries* of initiation and communion in his village church and labouring at his patch of stony ground, the servant of the community?

● [793] Let the western Christian see something of the liturgical life of the Greek Church, and he will tell you of gorgeous pageantry and ceremonial and of services which never end; of bishops and metropolitans in jewelled mitres and vestments of gold, assisted by priests and deacons 795 whose "Garments and Accoutrements", in the words of a seventeenth-century divine, [793] "are very Glorious and different"; of richly decorated churches where lamps burn day and night before the eikons of the saints. But let him go also to a house which stands beside the great basilica of St. Demetrius at Salonica and he will find himself in a gathering of students and professional men, the atmosphere of which recalls a nonconformist prayer-meeting; and to the adjoining hall where children shout the vernacular hymns of the catechetical schools, or where a young woman expounds a chapter of the Greek New Testament to an audience of housewives.

Christendom and the course of church history take on a very different 795 aspect when one's vantage point lies to the eastward of the Adriatic: 798 whether it be Constantinople or Jerusalem, Mount Athos or Alexandria. For the Greek Christian the visible fold of the Church is made up of the four ancient patriarchates of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria and Constantinople, together with the patriarchate of Moscow and certain autocephalous churches. Beyond the frontiers of the Orthodox Church all is obscure and uncertain: to be committed to the boundless mercy of God, and approached (when circumstances require it) with wariness and circumspection. "As for the English Liturgy", runs the *Answer of the Orthodox of the East to the proposals sent from Britain for an union and agreement with the Oriental Church*, "we are unacquainted with it, having never either seen or read it; but we have some suspicion of it, because many and various Heresies, Schisms and Sects have arisen up in those parts, lest the hereticks should have introduced into it any corruption or deviation from the right Faith. Upon this account it is necessary we should both see and read it. . . ."

Within this outer darkness of heresy and schism the Greek is not given to nice distinctions, and strange confusions, baffling to the western mind, are common. A friend of mine was catechised at some length as to who it was who commemorated the Pope in the liturgy, by an old monk of Athos who was equally prepared to attribute this weighty offence to the Lutherans or to the Methodists! The persisting error of the patriarch of the west is seen in the same light as those of the reformers, as a hankering after innovation and new-fangled ways:

> Some time since [write the eastern patriarchs to "the Remnant of Primitive Piety"] the Pope of Rome, being deceived by the

III

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THE PATTERN OF HISTORY

> Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught.
>
> ST. PAUL to the church in Thessalonica

795
178 IT IS no use beginning one's study of that in many ways anachronistic, yet persistently lively institution, the Church of England, at the sixteenth century: not so can one hope to comprehend the anomalies of her parochial organisation and system of patronage, or to fathom the element of uncertainty that attaches to every archdeacon's prospects
● [793] of eternal felicity. No more can the student of the Greek Church expect to enter into the spirit of this venerable institution if he looks no farther than the reading of the *Synodical Tome* whereby, in the year 1850, her autocephalous status was first accorded official recognition.

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178
551 One cannot spend many hours in Greece without being struck by the extraordinary continuity of her history. The girl who shepherds one through the customs at the airport may well rejoice in the name of Andromache or Ismene; it is startling to hear a ragged stevedore, one of "that unpolished plebeian race always employed in the hardest labours of the ports and which in every country represents the least noble aspect of a people", being hailed by a passing boatman at the Piraeus as Menelaus or Agamemnon. The traveller arriving at nightfall in a mountain village of Thessaly or the Peloponnese is questioned in terms which have scarcely altered since the prince of swineherds examined the returned Odysseus: "Who are you and whence do you come? What is your city and your family? Aboard what vessel came you to Ithaca?" New Demetrius often proves to be but old Demeter, and in the country dioceses there linger on observances of immemorial antiquity: local rites connected with birth and death which carry one back to an age infinitely remote from the Lord's coming in human flesh.

178
197 Though the Greek that is heard to-day in the streets of Athens is scarcely that of Aristotle or Pericles, the continuity of language is

nevertheless sufficiently striking. A Russian professor, a theologian of 178
the diaspora, once described to me the overwhelming impression that 197
this had made upon him when he first visited Greece in the 'twenties. He had travelled by train from Paris, and at the Greek frontier a *douanier* boarded the train to greet him and his companion with the very salutation wherewith the risen Lord had greeted His wondering disciples on the first Easter morning. Two days later the Metropolitan of Salonica had turned to him during the course of a conference with the invitation: "The *logos* is with the *kyrios!*"

The present Metropolitan of Salonica, the Lord Panteleimon, like 178
his brethren at Corinth, Verroia and elsewhere, traces his succession
in an unbroken line to the first *episkopos* of the church founded by the 793●
apostle of the Gentiles. Though the ancient Neapolis is now Cavalla, 795
and Philippi has dwindled to a straggling line of cottages clinging to the hillside above the ruins of the Roman city, the local bishop retains
the style of 'Metropolitan of Philippi and Neapolis'. There, as at 178
Corinth, at Verroia and at Salonica, St. Paul's letters have been read
in the churches for 1,900 years in their original Greek. To this day 788
the Greek schoolboy hears the Gospels read at the liturgy in the language 795
in which they were written. 198

The liturgy itself has undergone but little change for the best part of 1,500 years: the present Metropolitan of Salonica calls upon God to change the bread and wine at the eucharist in the very words used by his fifth-century predecessors in this apostolic see. The deacon who leads the prayers of the congregation in the basilica of St. Demetrius, and summons the catechumens to withdraw before the solemn recitation of the creed, employs formulas which were already traditional long before this great church was first erected.

The Greek Christian still stands to pray, and the ancient canons 178
expressly prohibiting kneeling on the Lord's day (which is the day of the 788
resurrection) and during the period from Easter to Pentecost are 795
carefully observed (witness the controversy recently provoked by the custom, which has grown up within the new movements, of the laity kneeling at the invocation of the Holy Spirit). He still brings his bread and wine to church for the eucharistic offering. To this very day,
between Easter and Pentecost, all other greetings give place to the 178
triumphant *Christos anesti!* Christ is risen! and the reply, *Verily He is* 795
risen! As recently as Dr. Covel's day this salutation was accompanied 576
by a mutual embrace: "on meeting another," says the Doctor, "they

> 178
> with their Religion, and many other Rites of which the wiser men 795
> are ashamed, and wish they were amended; yet they fear to correct 788
> and alter them . . . lest the People observing their Guides to vary in 771
> the least point from their ancient, and (as they imagine) their Canonical Profession, should begin to suspect the truth of all, and from a doubt dispute themselves into an indifference, and thence into an entire desertion of the Faith.

The dispute about the substitution of the Gregorian calendar for the 178
Julian has shown that a substantial body of opinion (especially amongst 795
the monks of Athos), is still violently opposed to change and reform 792
even in matters which might to the detached observer seem to have little 805
religious significance. With the solitary exception of 'modernist' Vatopedi, the whole monastic community of the holy mountain still insists on using the old reckoning. Elsewhere in Greece one finds scattered groups of Old Calendarists who have separated themselves from the local bishop rather than accept the reformed calendar. The *Palaioemerologitai*, as they are known, include clergy and monks and until recently were in possession of several small convents.

Though it may be that political motives have played a certain part in this curious controversy, it would be rash to deny the presence of a strong element of sincere religious feeling. Even the saints are liable [869]
to be involved in these disputes about the calendar. Witness the story of the 'modernist' *papas* who ventured to sing a hymn in honour of St. George before the eikon of the saint on the new-fangled day, and was not a little disconcerted when the saint fell flat on his face: what clearer testimony could there be to the detestation felt for the new calendar in the heavenly places?

The centuries of oppression did but strengthen the awareness 178
(already more marked amongst eastern Christians than in the clerkly 795
west), that the maintenance of holy tradition is the responsibility of 788
the whole body of the faithful—not of the clergy alone. The English 771
layman still feels himself more or less at the mercy of the parson—so
far at least as what goes on in his parish church is concerned. Not so [793]
the Greek. A *papas* who ventured to deviate in the least particular from the forms prescribed by immemorial custom would suffer prompt correction from his congregation. If a bishop should fall into strange novel doctrines contrary to the traditions of the fathers, the holy people of God would rise up and denounce him. In this, as in other matters,

of valour, worthy of comparison with the greatest exploits of the heroes 619
of antiquity, during that bitter winter when the Italian army was pushed 795
steadily back towards the sea across the snowy heights of Albania. [722]
The war against the Communists partook of the nature of a conscious
defence of a Christian civilisation against the "Accursed of God".
Not least in the new movements, piety and patriotism are inseparably [346]
linked—even though I have never seen in a house of the Zoë Brotherhood
paintings of the *Averoff* with her attendant ironclads steaming to the relief of the holy mountain, such as commonly adorn the guest-rooms of Greek monasteries.

This identity of Church and State has, it need hardly be said, certain 619
weaknesses; the Church has not, for example, always enjoyed that 795
measure of freedom in the election of her hierarchs that most people
would consider desirable (there have been several deplorable examples 659
of the intrusion of political considerations into episcopal appointments 793
within the last generation). The decisions of the Holy Synod have to be ratified by the State, and a lay procurator sits with the bishops on the *hierarchia*. These, however, are but trifling disadvantages as compared with the opportunities afforded by the profound associations that bind the Church to every department of Greek life, and which give to the nation-wide revival of the last few years such boundless potentialities for good.

Though the Greek Church has held fast the traditions committed 178
to her charge, the guardians of these traditions have been as men only 795
dimly aware of the nature of the treasure entrusted to their keeping: conscious only of its infinite worth and of the duty of passing it on intact and undiminished to those who followed in their steps. Now, it seems, the guardians are beginning to realise something of the true character of the royal treasure that they have watched over so faithfully these many centuries. The younger Greek theologians, like their brethren of the diaspora, are rediscovering their proper tradition and are filled with wonder at its richness and splendour. The possibilities latent in this reawakening are infinite. As yet (so far as Greece is concerned), it has scarcely begun. There can, however, be little question that the growing self-awareness found to-day amongst Orthodox theologians, the first fruits of which have already been gathered in Paris, is of incalculable importance not for the Orthodox world alone, but for Christendom as a whole.

369 Thus, despite a certain drift from the villages to the towns during
the last few years, the average Greek is still a countryman. Even the
Athenian, if one delves into his personal history, is generally found to
have his roots in some mountain village of the Peloponnese or in one
795 of the islands. The generality of the Greek bishops are charged with the
pastoral care of a flock dispersed in village communities among the
● 793 mountains; a single market town or *comopolis* forming the centre of
the ecclesiastical as of the civil administration.

The Church of Greece, from the point of view of outward organisation, consists of sixty-seven dioceses: thirty-four belonging to Old Greece and the remainder to the territories annexed to the Greek kingdom after the Balkan wars of 1912-13 and the first world war. These latter dioceses, though formally subject to the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople, are at present placed under that of the Holy Synod of the Hierarchy, which is presided over by the Archbishop of Athens and of all Greece. This body, which is made up of the metropolitans of the sixty-seven dioceses, assembles every three years and may be summoned on other occasions if need arise. Extraordinary business apart, however, the affairs of the Church are administered by the Holy Synod of the Church of Greece, which is composed of twelve bishops under the presidency of the Archbishop. All the bishops are called in turn to serve on this body, and during the greater part of their year as *synodikoi* (which normally recurs about once every five years), they reside in Athens, going home to their dioceses only during the heat of the summer and for the great festivals.

795 In Greece the one, holy, catholic and apostolic Church has not been
replaced by 'the Churches'. According to the figures of the 1940 census,
162 out of a total population of 7,344,860 persons, no less than 7,090,192
were Orthodox, while the non-Orthodox Christians amounted to a
bare 51,851. This small minority consists of Roman Catholics and a few
[797] so-called 'evangelicals' who came to Greece in the early 'twenties from
Asia Minor and owe their origin to the proselytising zeal of American
missionaries. All of them are confined to the islands and to a few towns
on the mainland: in the country districts a Dissenter would be a curiosity
indeed.

The Greek diocese is, by English standards, very small and sparsely
[793] populated; in some respects more akin to a rural deanery than to our
overgrown dioceses. Its average population—if we leave on one side the

793 795 [162] Athens-Piraeus region—is no more than about 85,000 souls. In terms of parishes there is considerable disparity between different dioceses: that of Ioannina, in Epirus, one of the largest, includes 230 parishes—many of them mere hamlets of forty or fifty families—while that of Nevrokopi, on the frontier of eastern Macedonia, has only fifteen. The average number is rather less than 100. If we take the twenty-four dioceses of Macedonia and Thrace, for example, we find that the average works out at seventy-eight parishes to the diocese, while the metropolitans of Philippi and Neapolis, Xanthi, Nevrokopi, Eleftheroupolis, Nea Zichni, Alexandroupolis and Hierissos all have less than sixty communities committed to their care, and only five bishops—the metropolitans of Salonica, Drama, Kilkis, Serres and Florina—more than 100.

793 484 49 As against this comparatively low average population and number of parishes one has, of course, to set in the balance the extremely primitive nature of the communications which the Greek bishop can command. To this day the majority of the villages of northern Greece are inaccessible to wheeled transport, at any rate during the winter months; and while the truly remarkable achievements of the last few years—the repair of the shattered railways, and the construction of roads and air-strips—have given Greece a very fair system of long-distance communications, the facilities which most bishops enjoy for travel within their own dioceses remain much as they have been since apostolic days. The metropolitan of a country diocese will think nothing of long journeys by mule or mountain pony across appallingly difficult terrain, his episcopal vestments slung from the high wooden saddle; of fording torrents swollen by the melting snows, and negotiating precipitous slopes where the path seems scarcely to afford adequate foothold for a goat—much less for an elderly ecclesiastic. It is little wonder that many mountain villages saw their father in God but [669] seldom, even in the days before the natural hazards which confronted the traveller had been supplemented by mines and wandering bands of *katsapliades*, as the Communists were styled in the villages.

793 795 When we turn to the internal organisation of the dioceses we find many features which cannot but seem strange to most western Christians. We have come to take for granted the fact that a bishop, charged with the pastoral care of a vast and unmanageable diocese, inevitably delegates most of his priestly functions to his parish clergy. In the small country dioceses of Greece, however, the bishop retains a far greater measure of

793 direct personal responsibility, and delegates comparatively little to his
[795] curates. The ministry of the word, for example, is always the work of
the bishop: the most that the parish priest is permitted to do is to read
a homily sent him by his diocesan. In some dioceses the metropolitan
alone preaches, and the country people hear sermons only when he is
able to visit their villages. As a rule, however, the bishop will be assisted
793 by a *hierokeryx* or 'sacred herald'—'preacher' seems a miserably inadequate
794 translation of such a splendid word—who is normally a priest-monk
(though he may sometimes be a lay theologian), and lives in the metropolis. Often, too, the bishop and his *hierokeryx* will be assisted by several lay preachers who go out into the villages Sunday by Sunday to preach at the liturgy.

Thus, at Siderokastro (the 'Iron Castle'), close to the Bulgarian frontier, the Metropolitan, the Lord Basil, finding himself, when the refugees began to return to their villages in the summer of 1949, with only one priest qualified to assist him in the ministry of the word, formed a little society of lay preachers known as the Guardians of Spiritual Enlightenment, which included the headmaster of the local high school and one of his assistant masters, as well as the doctor and the dentist of the town and two or three other educated laymen, several of whom now go out to preach in the surrounding villages every Sunday.

A friend who visited the diocese of Chalkis during the 'thirties has told me of the ancient Fiat which used to leave the metropolis at daybreak every Sunday and scatter monkish theologians among the hamlets of Euboea. At Kozani, in western Macedonia, no sooner were the roads reasonably clear of mines in the summer of 1949 than the Metropolitan started to send out every Saturday afternoon an army truck laden with young catechists who would spend the week-end preaching and teaching in remote villages of the diocese and return to their work or their school on Monday morning.

793 What is true of preaching applies also to the sacrament of penance;
783 it is to the bishop, not to his parish priest, that the villager who is
oppressed with the consciousness of grave sin will turn for the benefits of absolution and ghostly counsel. The Greek priest is not allowed to act as a confessor without the express authorisation of his bishop. "As for Confession", says Covel, "it is not to be made to every ordinary Priest, but only to such Confessors . . . who are chosen out of monasteries, and are solemnly appointed and authorised to this Office . . . so that a regular or secular Priest not thus qualified, durst not attempt to

793

take it." In the *Great Euchologion*, or Prayer Book, of the Greek Church 783
the order for confession is in fact immediately preceded by a short office for the making of a *pneumatikos*, or spiritual father, in which the bishop, after he has read the Gospel containing our Lord's words: "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained", addresses the would-be *pneumatikos* (who must, needless to say, be in priests' orders) as follows:

"Our mediocrity, through the grace of the all-holy and divine Spirit, promotes thee, the most pious N. *Pneumatikos*, to the ministry of spiritual fatherhood, etc."

Covel quotes ancient canons to the effect that "if any one without the Mandate of the Bishop of the place shall dare to receive . . . spiritual [688]
accounts and Confessions, such a one shall be Canonically punished as a Transgressor of the Divine Canons; because he hath not only destroy'd himself, but all they also who have been Confessed by him are still unconfessed, and whatever things he hath Bound or Loosed, are yet uncorrected". And again: "Let all the Priest-Monks, who take Confessions, or Bind and Loose know that our Holy Fathers will not suffer any Priests to reconcile Penitents without the Archbishop's Order". According to an old canonist "a Bishop may . . . according to his Judgment, give this Right or Power of receiving Confessions to a secular Priest, but this is to be done discreetly, to some choice or well approved Persons only, and upon some extraordinary occasions".

Professor Bratsiotes, in the introduction which he contributed to the English translation of the life of the Archimandrite Eusebius Matthopoulos, observed that "unhappily there are very few confessors, because it is much more difficult to develop confessors than to train preachers; and it requires much individual genius and great maturity in virtue and experience to be a proper confessor". At the time when these words [794]
were written only eight members of the Zoë Confraternity—all trained theologians as they are—were licensed as confessors. In the country dioceses to-day the only clergy who are permitted to assist the bishop as *pneumatikoi* are the priest-monks attached to the metropolis; married priests who are authorised to hear confessions are rare indeed.

What then of the parish clergy? There is no parallel in Greece to the 793
country parson who has "read the Fathers also and the Schoolmen and the later writers", and who has been one of the fairest ornaments of the English Church these many centuries. The Greek country parson is a [463]

793 peasant farmer who cultivates his land like all his parishioners, and who
[463] exercises a ministry which is almost wholly liturgical in character.
His ecclesiastical duties are limited in practice to administering the mysteries of baptism and the holy chrism; to marrying and burying, and offering week by week the unbloody sacrifice; to singing the divine office; to memorial services, blessings of homes and crops and sundry other objects, and to an occasional exorcism.

793 The parish priest *must* be married and at least thirty years of age,
and the most that he can hope for in the way of preferment is a slight
465 increase in his basic stipend if he is able to spend a year or two at one
[874] of the seminaries (*phrontisteria*) for parish clergy. This basic wage—
which is supplemented by fees and offerings in kind, as well as by the
[589] fruit of the country parson's agricultural and other labours—is miserable
enough. It was only in 1949 raised to 250,000 drachmas (the equivalent of less than six pounds sterling) a month: a pair of boots then cost about 70,000 drachmas and a pig perhaps 300,000. In such circumstances the support of a large family leaves little margin for luxuries, even when harvests are good and life runs smoothly and securely. Unsatisfactory as the economic position of the village *papas* remains, it is considerably better than it was fifty years ago. Until 1909 the parish priest was entirely dependent upon the fees of his parishioners and the labour of
[659] his own hands. The provision of a regular stipend—inadequate as this
may seem—was only made possible by the creation of a General
792 Ecclesiastical Fund deriving its income from confiscated monastic
[423] property and lands; and while the anti-monastic legislation of recent
years has aroused considerable resentment among the monks themselves, there can be little doubt that the redistribution of wealth which it has involved has been of incalculable benefit to the Church as a whole.

793 Even in the towns the scope of the activities of the married clergy
is strictly limited. There are a few married priests in Athens engaged in
[795] work of a type generally reserved for the monastic clergy; one of them,
who presides over the press and information office of the *Apostoliki Diakonia* (the Home Mission of the Church of Greece) and has a son and a daughter who are both students of the theological faculty of the university, bears the title of *protopresbyter*—though this is rare in Greece.
[589] There are certain indications that the number of educated married
clergy may before very long increase considerably; this has already happened among the Russians of the diaspora and elsewhere in the Orthodox world. It is, of course, from the celibate clergy that the bishops

are chosen. Before presenting himself to a bishop the candidate for ordination must decide finally and irrevocably to what state of life he is called, since marriage is not permitted after ordination. This rule, as will appear when we come to consider the training of the Greek clergy, gives rise to many grave practical problems. 793 589

Such then, very briefly, is the framework of the diocesan and parochial organisation. The married clergy, "in parishes, residing on their cures", form a distinct class with well-defined duties and limitations peculiar to their condition; while the general administration of the diocese, the ministries of preaching and confessing, together with the organisation of the catechetical schools and Christian Unions which have become so important an element in the pattern of Greek church life within the last few years, are the immediate responsibility of the metropolitan assisted by his headquarters staff of monks and lay theologians. [794] [795]

The Greek bishop is still in a very real sense the *persona* of his diocese: the natural leader of the whole community in matters temporal as well as spiritual. Not for nothing is he commonly referred to as *ὁ Δεσπότης*, 'the Despot'. During the Turkish occupation the power of the bishop within his own diocese was all but unbounded, and as he had formerly mediated between his people and the Turkish authorities so, more recently, it was he who commonly bore the heaviest burden of responsibility during the occupation of Greece by the Axis troops. Archbishop Damaskinos was called to play, on a wider stage and before a larger audience, it is true, a part which was being sustained no less faithfully, albeit more obscurely, by many of his brethren in the provincial towns of Greece during the years from 1941 to 1945. Though times have changed since the day when the people of Salonica overthrew the minarets of the fleeing oppressor with such patriotic and religious ardour that many casualties were caused by the falling masonry, the Greek bishop still maintains a style befitting his position. The metropolis (where it has survived the destruction of the war years) is generally amongst the most impressive and substantial structures of a provincial town, and though the bishop is readily accessible to all and sundry, he nevertheless bears himself with considerable dignity. When he walks abroad, carrying a silver-headed staff and accompanied by a deacon, the people draw aside to let him pass, bowing their heads and putting off their caps. The faithful who come to the metropolis—whether they be peasants from some nearby hamlet or senior army officers from the 793 [554] [648] [722] [346] [293] [576]

793 [576] garrison, it makes no difference—bow to kiss the hand of their father in God and greet him with the word *proskyno*, 'I worship': with that same *proskynesis* which is offered to the eikons of the saints, and which is not to be confounded with the *latreia* which we accord to the Three Persons of the consubstantial Trinity alone.

For the Greek bishop is not merely 'the Despot'. He is moreover 'the Saint'. Thus, one may frequently hear the country people refer to their metropolitan as *ὁ ἅγιος Ἐδέσσης, ὁ ἅγιος Ἐλευθερουπόλεως*, 'the Saint of Edessa, the Saint of Eleftheroupolis', etc., in recognition of the objective sanctity which attaches to the episcopal office, quite independently of the moral character of him who occupies it. If the bishop is the despot, tracing his ancestry back to those local potentates who flourished during the last days of the Byzantine Empire, he is also the successor of the apostles, the bearer of more than temporal power; binding and loosing and wielding an anathema which can arrest the normal processes of dissolution to which the body is subject after death; a father in God to whom the humblest member of his scattered flock can turn in need or perplexity, for ghostly counsel or for material aid.

For all the dignity attaching to his high office the Greek bishop is commonly the most approachable of men; the sheer accessibility of the generality of the bishops of the country dioceses is a matter for wonder and rejoicing in a world fallen beneath the curse of an impersonal [794] and irresponsible bureaucracy. Every morning, his liturgy fulfilled, the metropolitan takes his seat in his office and all the world comes to see him: Papa Iannis, who needs a new cassock, and Papa Athanasi who wants to go to the recently established seminary, although he forsook the scholars' bench to look after his father's sheep while he was yet in the second class of his village school; an elderly widow whose son requires medical attention comes to ask for help from the Fund for the Poor.

[438] Go almost any forenoon to the metropolis at Salonica, a few yards from the windy quays where gaily painted caiques discharge their cargoes of charcoal and resinated wine, timber from the slopes of Athos, and lemons and pottery from the islands of the Aegean, and observe the crowds who throng the steps awaiting an opportunity to dart into the office of 'the Saint of Myra', who sits at his desk beneath an eikon of the Pantocrator, questioning, counselling, reproving and writing letters of commendation, while a stalwart archimandrite leans against the door with outstretched arm to keep the multitude without at bay.

THE ORGANIC BODY

Dr. Holland, who was travelling about Greece in the year of 793
Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, relates that when he visited the
Archbishop of Larissa the metropolis was filled, both in the morning [576]
and also after dinner, with people approaching the Archbishop, either as petitioners or to obtain an adjustment of differences; and describes how "on entering the apartment, each person knelt before him, kissed his hand, and frequently after rising repeated this ceremony a second time". The Archbishop's manner, in fulfilling this part of his pastoral office, was, he says, "mild and ingratiating, without any loss of dignity proper to his station".

The bishop, though he must be unmarried, need never have lived 793
as a member of a religious community in the technical sense. The great
majority of the Greek metropolitans are chosen from the archimandrites 792
attached, in one capacity or another, to episcopal households. The title of archimandrite was originally confined to the superior of a monastery—the literal meaning of the word is 'ruler of a fold' (*mandra*)—nowadays, however, it is commonly conferred upon any priest-theologian.
The Greek archimandrite is almost invariably a graduate either of the
theological faculty of the University of Athens or of the Academy at [874]
Halki (the theological school at Salonica has been in existence only a few years). He may have taken the monastic habit on Mount Athos, or elsewhere, when scarcely more than a boy, and, showing promise of more than the average ability, have been sent to the university by his monastic superiors as a young deacon. Alternatively, he may have come to the theological faculty after completing the ordinary course at a *gymnasium* or hieratic school, in which case he will not, in all probability, be ordained deacon until he has finished his studies.

After taking his degree he will normally pass to the household of a 793
bishop, whom he will serve either as personal deacon or as chaplain and *hierokeryx* of the metropolis. He will doubtless become an archimandrite and will be addressed not merely as 'Reverend Sir' but as 'Altogether-most-blessed'! (*Panosiologiotate!*) In due course he may be called to take charge of a large parish in Athens, to undertake administrative work of some kind, or to serve as a secretary to the Holy Synod. It is from this category of the clergy that most of the bishops are chosen —though a monk may be summoned from his community to be consecrated, and an unmarried lay theologian or professor is also eligible for election to the episcopate.

A small minority of the present metropolitans of the Church of [874]

793 Greece have studied in western Europe or America after completing [874] their course at Athens or at the Academy of Halki, near Constantinople. Of those who go abroad for post-graduate theological studies far the greater number marry and become lay theologians, and it is to the latter rather than the episcopate that the Greek layman looks for academic learning. The metropolitan of scholarly interests, though far from unknown, is somewhat exceptional in these days. Happily, however, it is not necessary to burn midnight oil at Halle or Tübingen in order to learn to love our Lord with great fervour and simplicity and to feed His flock, and among the bishops of the Church of Greece there are many devoted pastors and fathers in God tending their scattered flocks in the obscurity of the war-ravaged mountain dioceses with a zeal not unworthy of the successor of the apostles.

The office of deacon has, so far as the west is concerned, long since ceased to be a reality. In Greece, however, it is otherwise. The diaconate is not, as in this country, a mere step to the priesthood; a kind of noviciate which the ordinand must needs serve before being admitted into priests' orders. In the Greek Church a man who has been ordained deacon may well remain in the diaconate for the rest of his days. The function of the deacon is essentially different from that of the presbyter. His liturgical rôle is of the utmost importance, and one of the chief qualifications in the candidate for the diaconate is the possession of a powerful and resonant voice. It is the deacon who leads the prayers of the congregation from the space before the royal doors—"a body standing before men, but a mind knocking at the gates of heaven through prayer"—in the vivid image of the sixth-century ascetic and master of the spiritual life, St. John of the Ladder; it is he who sings the Gospel from the *ambon*, or pulpit, high on the north side of the church.

[252] In the monasteries the deacons are responsible for baking the *prosphora*, the loaves used at the eucharist. Thus Covel remarks somewhere in his Athonite journals that: "The priests and deacons do no work but what is in ye church or immediately belonging to it . . . ye deacons bake ye *προσφορά*, and may sometimes be sent of an errand, but nothing else. Ye priests do nothing at all. All laborious work wtever out of ye church else is done by *καλόγ.* or hired labourers." And elsewhere: "The *προσφορά* is baked by ye deacons, ye other bread by ye *καλόγ.* aforesaid."

In Athens and its suburbs, and in Salonica, there are a few married

deacons attached to parish churches. More often, however, the deacon 793
is a monk and belongs to the *familia* of a bishop, whom he serves as
personal attendant and factotum. Outside the larger towns one never
finds a deacon attached to a parish but always on the staff of the
metropolis and retaining his close connexion with the bishop. In the
two university towns there is always a sprinkling of young deacons who [874]
have been sent by their monastic superiors to study at the theological
schools and who are attached to a parish church during their four years
at the university. Many of these student-deacons are also permitted to
preach. It may be noted in passing that in the Orthodox world an
archdeacon is in fact, and not merely in name, a deacon, and is, moreover, a person of some consequence.

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The English churchman, even when faced with the present acute 794
and continuing shortage of clergy, is with difficulty persuaded that the laity are called to play an active part in the evangelistic work of the Church. Everywhere in the west the lay theologian is something of a phenomenon. A young man does not read theology at Oxford or Cambridge unless he intends to be a parson: theology is surely the concern of the clergy? It is well, therefore, that we should realise that in Greece (and throughout Orthodox Christendom for that matter), very different notions as to the active ministry of the laity prevail. The lay catechist, theologian and preacher fulfil a ministry that is scarcely less essential to the life of the Greek Church than that proper to bishop, priest and deacon respectively. How varied and important this lay ministry can be, will, I hope, become clearer when we come to consider the work of a movement such as the Brotherhood of Theologians, Zoë and the organisations connected with it. A very large share of the responsibility for the great spiritual upheaval of recent years must be assigned to lay men and women: the majority of the voluntary movements and associations are predominantly lay in character.

If I may venture upon a generalisation, I would assert that among ordinary Orthodox Christians one commonly finds a greater sense of responsibility for the Church than can be looked for in western Christendom to-day. The Church does not tend, as it does so often in the west, to be identified in the thought of ordinary men and women with the clergy; nor is it said of a young man who offers himself for ordination

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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494 interior of the vehicle, there were others who had with less formality
installed themselves amidst the multitudinous array of baggage, livestock
and firearms which renders every Greek bus incapable of passing
beneath what used, in England at least, to be described as 'a low
491 bridge'. To the north of Drama the road crosses a dusty plain for
[669] several kilometres and then turns sharply to the right between two high
peaks and winds laboriously up a rocky defile. Every few hundred yards
there was a bridge: either guarded by a block-house, manned by men
of the mobile section of the home-guard, or else lying in ruins and
necessitating a perilous descent into a dried-up water course. These
occasional outposts apart, we saw no human habitation for the best part
of another twenty kilometres, when we reached the head of the pass.
Here we halted for a few minutes and refreshed ourselves with cold
mountain water from a stream by the roadside. Shortly after three
[726] o'clock we began the descent into the well-watered plateau, within sight
of the Bulgarian frontier, on the northern fringe of which lies the
village of Kato Nevrokopi, and which had been the scene of bitter
fighting when the Germans poured into Greece in April, 1941. A few
346 minutes later we were among the houses of Nevrokopi and my fellow-passengers
727 pointed out to me the cottage, in no way distinguishable
from its neighbours save by the board bearing the Byzantine eagles
793 and the inscription *ΙΕΡΑ ΜΗΤΡΟΠΟΛΙΣ ΝΕΥΡΟΚΟΠΙΟΥ* beside
the door, which, *faute de mieux*, has served as the bishop's headquarters
since 1945: the old metropolis having been destroyed during the
Bulgarian occupation of eastern Macedonia.

574 Half-past three on a warm August afternoon not being a discreet
[521] hour at which to call on a Greek bishop, I retired to the green shade of a
vine beside the *plateia* to sip coffee and discuss such varied topics as the
Bishop of Birmingham, Schiller and the Scottish liturgy (and, inevitably,
the incredible folly of the British electorate in banishing Mr. Churchill
to the opposition benches), with the commanding officer of the gendarmerie
and other local celebrities. Meanwhile, a troop of small boys
was despatched at regular intervals to reconnoitre in the vicinity of the
[513] metropolis. At half-past four it was reported that the windows were
open (all true Greeks sleep with windows and shutters firmly closed),
and I was thereupon escorted to the metropolis where I was warmly
welcomed by the Bishop. We talked until a little after six o'clock,
796 when the *ephemerios*, or curate, of the parish arrived to lead the way to
788 church for evensong.

A VILLAGE FESTIVAL 793

When the Metropolitan was suitably attired he took his silver-headed stick and we set out in a little procession towards the cathedral church of St. Demetrius, which towers above the wretched cottages that surround it like some great vessel among her attendant tugs. The Metropolitan and myself were preceded by the parish priest, while well ahead there danced a certain Anargyri, whose daily joy and responsibility it is to remove straying cattle and goats from the Bishop's path, to wave to their feet the loungers on doorsteps, the coffee drinkers and those who play *trictrac* in their leafy retreats; finally, to silence the village's solitary gramophone and other profane noises. As our little procession hove in sight, the bell-ringer, stationed among his charges at the summit of the campanile, shattered the slumbers of all who had immoderately prolonged their siesta, and we made our way up the steps into the narthex of a surprisingly lofty church. 788 [346] [346]

After evensong we returned, somewhat less formally, to the Bishop's cottage for supper—a simple meal of potatoes and fruit (by reason of the fast) which was shared by his two nephews, both of them orphans. I slept that night at an inn adjoining the cottage-metropolis. 262 785 [485]

The following morning, it being Sunday, we were in church from a quarter to seven until a little after ten. The liturgy ended, the colonel in charge of the local garrison drove us out in his jeep to the village of Granitsi, high on the wooded hills above the plateau, where we sat under a great oak while the villagers came to greet their father in God and brought little gifts of fruit and honey. 796 793

At evensong in the cathedral that evening, while the cantors sang of:

> Things creeping innumerable,
> Both small and great beasts,

a dormouse appeared from behind the cupboard where the liturgical books were stored, and sat most devoutly before the beautiful doors for a considerable space. The Bishop told me afterwards that it was the first mouse—the colloquial *pontikos*, with a twinkle at my use of the classical word—he had seen in the church during the four years that had elapsed since his consecration as Metropolitan of the smallest and poorest see of Greece.

The old diocese of Nevrokopi had included 120 communities. After the first Balkan war, however, it had been partitioned, and ninety of its villages as well as the town of Nevrokopi now lie within Bulgarian 795 648

795 territory. Kato Nevrokopi, where the Greek Metropolitan has his
648 throne, is a large village, or *comopolis* (it had a pre-war population of
[162] about 2,000 souls), about twelve kilometres from the frontier.[1] The
whole of this region was evacuated by the civilian population in
722 March, 1941, when invasion seemed imminent, most of the refugees
166 taking shelter in Drama, some forty-five kilometres to the southward.
When the Germans abandoned eastern Macedonia to the Bulgars, all
who were able to do so fled to Salonica, Verroia and other towns beyond
the river Strymon. It was only after the withdrawal of the Bulgars in
the autumn of 1944 that the Greek population began to trickle back.
727 In 1949 no less than twelve of the thirty villages of the diocese were
in ruins and uninhabited, and the number of the orphans was said to
[736] approach 900. Kato Nevrokopi itself, though it still bore traces of the
[346] great battle which had raged about the forts of the Metaxas line and
their heroic defenders, had come through the years of occupation and
the more recent troubles almost unscathed, save for the deliberate
destruction of the metropolis and the school.

796 It had been arranged that the Metropolitan should celebrate the
[793] liturgy next morning at the village of Dasoto, four or five miles away,
which would be keeping its patronal festival. The day was ushered in
by bugle-calls and a great beating of drums, revealing shortly after five
o'clock that the newly-formed scout troop was already abroad. These
[233] martial noises were soon mingled with the soft ringing of a multitude
[512] of bells, as the cattle were driven out through the narrow paths between
the cottages to the dusty river bed where they assemble each morning
before moving off to the pastures. By a little before seven it had become
[493] evident that others besides ourselves were keeping the feast at Dasoto,
as a few carts drawn by oxen or buffaloes, together with some solitary
riders, rattled across the bridge and headed westwards. We followed
[487] in a jeep. Our path lay through fields of maize and tall sunflowers,
above which occasional glimpses of a blue and white flag of vast
dimensions indicated the scouts' line of march, along tracks which a
heavy shower would render impassable to anything on wheels. Dasoto
[361] came into view after a quarter of an hour; a cluster of lime-washed
[342] cottages, the church prominent amongst them, on the lower slopes of
the heavily wooded heights that surround the plateau.

[793] The parish priest and some thirty or forty men and boys had come as
far as the outskirts of the village to welcome us. The Bishop's vestments,

[1] [i.e. Bulgarian frontier - ANALYST]

and his mitre in its brass box, were borne away to the church on a flood 796
of ragged boys, and we followed rather more sedately while the bells 793
jangled in the tower. The Metropolitan went straight to his throne on
the south side of the church after vesting in the open narthex, and I 778
was led to the stall on his right, immediately beneath the great eikon
of the Pantocrator in the dome. The church had been recently redecorated 782
and a gay diaper pattern now covered every part of the
interior that was not frescoed. Not for the first time I was struck by the 531
contrast between the comeliness and colour of the village church and the
squalid dwellings which surrounded it. The little groups of people who
had followed us up the stony path from the *mesochori*, or village-square, 361
crowded into the church, setting up their candles before the eikons of 782
our Lord and His Mother, bringing loaves bearing the seal "Jesus Christ
conquers" and wine for the offering, oil for the lamps and lists of 769
relatives and friends, both living and departed, to be commemorated
at the liturgy that morning. The parish priest came with the singers 796
and the verger to ask the Bishop's blessing, and the morning office 788
(the first part of which had been sung before our arrival) was taken up again.

While the Magnificat was being sung, the parish priest went all about the building censing the holy things and the holy people with a proper indiscrimination, and when the great doxology was reached the sacristan ran down the church and set the three chandeliers swinging in alarming fashion while the belfry again resounded to the clash of metal. Mattins gave place to the divine liturgy; the church became more and more crowded till the people filled the narthex and overflowed
down the steps into the path outside. The scouts arrived; the
chandeliers swung more slowly, scattering drops of molten wax upon 782
the heads of the congregation and splashing the strip of brightly coloured
carpet which extended from the holy table down into the midst of the 852
church; the incense and the venerable prayers rose to heaven, and the children scrambled up the stair leading to the high pulpit or balanced on the backs of the stalls occupied by their grandfathers.

The Epistle (from St. Paul's letter to the Philippians), was read by 796
the chief singer, or *psaltes*, a soldier from the garrison at Nevrokopi who
had learned the traditional chant in some village church on Pangaion, 794
overlooking the ruined basilica where "the saints in Christ Jesus which 533
were in Philippi" celebrated in their day that same holy offering in which we at Dasoto were taking part. There, like the ragged boys who now pressed upon him from all sides, he had joined with slowly growing

796 priest resumed his place before the doors and took up anew the litanies
788 which properly pertain to the deacon's liturgy:

> For the precious gifts which have been offered,
> For this holy temple, and for those who enter it in
> faith, reverence and the fear of God . . .

while the reiterated *Kyrie eleison* of the singers rose and fell and we commended "ourselves and one another and all our life to Christ our God".

At the cry: "The doors, the doors!" all became suddenly alert, and a young girl—one of those celebrating their name-day—pushed through the crowd of women and children who filled the space between the lectern of the singers and the eikonostasis on the north side of the church and, standing before the eikon of the Mother of God, read the Nicene Creed. The Bishop commenced the great eucharistic prayer and the climax of the liturgy drew near. After the loaves that remained over from
796 the consecrated bread had been blessed, the Bishop sent me, by the hand
778 of his assistant, a portion bearing the seal IC . XC . NI . KA: how many a
262 holy custom have we forfeited in exchanging the *artos* of scripture and primitive tradition for the *azymes* which bear no evident relation to the
788 common bread which one bakes and breaks at home, or to the daily toil of ordinary men and women. In Greece the bread and the wine
● [793] that are brought to the altar are the very same as those which are eaten and drunk at home, and such loaves as remain over after the distribution of the blessed bread—the *antidoron* (literally, 'instead of the gift')—go to the parish priest; so, we may recall, the English Prayer Book requires that: "the Bread be such as is usual to be eaten. . . . And if any of the Bread and Wine remain unconsecrated the Curate shall have it to his own use."

Came the solemn pronouncement of the Lord's words: "This is my body. . . . This is my blood", and the great cry "Thine of thine own we offer to thee . . ." and then the Bishop knelt before the holy table and called upon God to "send down thy Holy Spirit upon us and upon these thy gifts, and make this bread the precious body of thy Christ, and that which is in this cup the precious blood of thy Christ, changing them by thy Holy Spirit", while the singers softly intoned their hymn of adoring praise, and the holy people of God stood with bowed heads in the pools of sunlight, veiled by the slowly spiralling haze of incense.

796 In some parts of Greece where movements such as the Brotherhood

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> 796 peculiar Saint, especially those to whom they are particularly devoted. These jolly Easterlings, when they hear . . . that the Christians pretending to be Reformed in the West, do utterly hate and abjure all such Practices as *Heathenish* and *Prophane*, must think them all the vilest Miscreants living.

796 ● 793 574 When the last of the *antidoron* had been distributed, Anargyri had replaced the mitre in its brass box, and the Metropolitan had concluded a long conversation with the churchwardens about the best method of shoring up the roof—a section of which was sagging ominously—we left the church and made our way to the dwelling of the parish priest where a vast table had been erected in the shade of a vine. There we feasted until it was high afternoon: the Lord Agathangellos, the president of the community, the *kapetanios* of the militia, the *papas*, the schoolmaster, Anargyri, the churchwardens, the singers and several officers from the garrison of Nevrokopi who had accompanied us to Dasoto that morning.

796 574 262 273 It was not by any means my first experience of a village festival: a few months earlier I might well have been deceived into thinking that the bowls of eggs, goat's milk cheese, olives, and finely-shredded vegetables soaked in oil and lemon which appeared with the *ouzo* constituted the substance of the feast and not a mere *hors d'oeuvre*. Now I knew better, and I was not surprised when the clearing of the table by the *papadia* and her daughters after forty minutes proved to be no more than a prelude to a banquet of an altogether more serious character.

As the dishes came and went and the dark wine flowed freely, I recalled Dr. Covel's description of another such festival at the great Athonite house of Iveron: "The best monkish fare that could be gotten was provided, excellent fish (severall ways), oyl, salet, beanes, hortechockes, beets . . . chees, onions, garlick, olives, caveor, Pyes of herbs, φακαὶς, κτωπόδι; pepper, salt, saffron in all. At last conserved little oranges, most exquisite, good wine (a sort of small claret), and we alwayes drank most plentifully. . . . He is no Greek that cannot drink twenty or thirty plump glasses at a setting."

[535] After the feast there was dancing, and the sun was low in the west when we drove back to Nevrokopi. The day drew to a close amongst the eikons of those who had finished their course, with those yet in the way of salvation joining with one voice in the ancient canticle, *Hail! Gladdening Light*, to the praise and glory of the Holy Trinity.

788 oneself. All other considerations apart, such a setting is hardly favourable to
796 the growth of certain individualistic types of piety which flourish amongst
[346] the Franks, who worship their Creator in strange and novel ways, each
isolated from his fellow and entrenched within the citadel of his own pew.

In Greece there is but one celebration of the liturgy on a Sunday or
holy day in any one church. This is a rule which is waived only in cases
[346] of extreme necessity and then only when a *parekklesion*, or side-chapel,
is available so that it is not necessary to use the same altar twice (most
[793] Greek churches have only one altar). A priest may celebrate only once
on any given day.

In Greece the times of services are never announced and questions on this score are invariably met with evasive if not actually misleading replies. Services commence earlier in summer than in winter. An hour or two after sunrise the bells will be rung and the priest and a couple of readers will begin to sing the morning offices—*mesonyktikon* (which should, as the name indicates, be read at midnight, as it is in the monastic use), and *orthros*, or lauds, the office of the dawn. Towards the end of the latter service—perhaps an hour or more after the village's first awakening—the bells will be rung a second time. Still the church is comparatively empty. The holy eucharist follows *orthros* without a break about nine o'clock, and by the time that the thrice-holy hymn is sung (when the bells summon the faithful for the third and last time) the congregation will have begun to swell, until, at the great entry with the holy gifts, the greater part of the village will be packed within the walls of the church, the men to the right, the women to the left, the air by this time heavy with incense.

788 The whole service is invariably sung. What the west knows as a low
533 mass, the 'early service' or 'eight o'clock', dear to so many English
churchmen, is unknown to the Greeks. The traditional Byzantine chant is still more or less universal and is always sung without instrumental accompaniment; only in certain urban parishes has it been partially displaced of recent years by that bastard child of strangely-matched parents, the so-called European chant. In its pure form the traditional plainsong can be quite ravishing in its unearthly beauty. Never shall I forget the singing of the monks of Moni Petraki who gather morning by morning in their tiny church, while Athens lies in darkness and before the first tramcar has gone clanging down the tree-lined avenue of the *Basilissa* Sophia towards the outer suburbs.

HEAVEN UPON EARTH

788 533 "Nowhere, either in Greece or the East," observes the Abbé de St. Michon, "do men sing as loud as we do. It is an usage that we owe to the barbarism of our fathers. The oriental psalmody is sweet, low and without effort." Alas! it is not always so. "Their singing", says Thomas Smith, "is very mean and pitifull, without figure and the relishes of art, and is at best but a kind of harsh Plain-song." "We heard the Greek Vespers", wrote Sir George Wheler in 1675, "worse sung than *Hopkins* Psalms used to be in some of our Country Churches." All too frequently the beauty of the traditional chant has been overlaid by accretions and adornment from alien sources; and its delivery, as the Abbé justly remarks, "with nasal sounds which weary European ears". Much of the "tedious and indiscreet length of liturgies" whereof so many Frankish travellers have complained, is due not to any inner necessity of the rite itself but solely to the elaboration of the chant. The restoration of the oriental plainchant to something of its earlier simplicity and directness has therefore become an imperative need in circles where the holy mysteries are celebrated frequently: one cannot expect the laity to spend the greater part of every morning in church. There are churches in Greece to-day where the liturgy is celebrated with great reverence in an hour and a quarter, even when many of the secret prayers are read aloud.

788 793 Concelebration—which has all but disappeared from the west—is still very much a reality in Greece, and is an important factor in enabling the Greek Church to retain the ancient rule of a single eucharist attended by the whole church in each several locality. On a Sunday morning at an important parish church, such as St. Panteleimon, Acharnon (in the suburbs of Athens), one may see five or six priests attended by a deacon concelebrating at the great square altar, often with a bishop (one of the suffragans of the Archbishop, or a provincial metropolitan serving his term of duty as a member of the synod) presiding over the whole assembly. The Greek bishop or priest who finds himself away from his own diocese on the Lord's day does not take his place amongst the laity in the body of the church but joins the other ministers gathered around the holy table and there fulfils his proper liturgy.

788 796 Now there are those who, while recognising that the Orthodox Church has in many respects faithfully preserved the liturgical tradition of the first centuries of our era, would yet ask whether the liturgy of the laity has not—within the bounds of the *oikoumene* no less than in the

727 foreign occupation and armed sedition, that it is possible to grasp the
794 full significance of the spiritual ferment which marked these ten years,
or to understand the magnitude of the task which the Church faces at the present time. For this reason I make no apology for dwelling at some length on the extent of the all-engulfing catastrophe which overwhelmed the Greek nation from the time of the Italian invasion of 1940 down to the decisive defeat of the Communists in the campaigns of 1949.

722 Much has already been written concerning the sufferings of the
727 people of Greece during these terrible years: about the horrors of the
occupation, the burning and pillage of undefended villages, the famine which carried off more than 300,000 men, women and children, and the multitude of the homeless approaching in number the population of Athens and the Piraeus. Long before the end of the struggle with the Communists was in sight the destruction had become so manifest, so universal, that after a time one no longer marvelled. One came to accept the long lines of shattered rolling-stock stretching westwards from the walls of Salonica across the plain towards the muddy waters of the Vardar; the rusting carriages which lay strewn around the fair shores of Salamis. It was impossible to travel for any distance without encountering a dynamited bridge, a recently filled mine-crater, or the blackened ruins of an abandoned village. Every town of northern Greece was crowded with refugees, and even the suburbs of Salonica were liable to nocturnal bombardment.

722 Little attention, however, has as yet been given to the effect of ten
727 years of all but unbroken warfare upon the life of the Church: to the
breakdown of normal parochial organisation over large tracts of country
795 for two or three years at a stretch, in consequence of the flight of the
● [793] clergy together with their people from the villages; to the slaughter of
the country parsons, and the destruction and looting of countless churches and monasteries which were to create such insuperable problems when the time came for the refugees to return to their homes; to the fate of those dioceses which were occupied by the Bulgars, who attempted to eradicate every trace of 'Hellenism' from those areas of eastern Macedonia and Thrace which fell to their lot; where the Greek bishops and their clergy were supplanted by Bulgars, the Greek service-books burned; where the very saints were de-Hellenised and had their names repainted in Slavonic characters. All who were able to do so fled from this region and took refuge in Salonica or in other towns to the west of the river Strymon, though some 40,000 were massacred. In the

722 the small country towns which serve as centres for the ecclesiastical
362 administration. Here many of them remained for three years. Some,
and those the most fortunate, were able to build themselves wooden houses or *kalyvai*; others were lodged in huts; multitudes, especially in Macedonia, lived (often twenty or twenty-five families together) in old Turkish houses; those who fared worst of all had to be content with hastily improvised shelters of mud and thatch, or even to pass the bitter months of winter in tents. By the end of 1948 the number of the refugees exceeded 700,000: for the second time within ten years a tenth part of the whole nation was homeless. The country towns were packed with refugees: not a ruined cottage or a stable but sheltered two or three families. Some words from Thomas Alcock's *Travels in Russia, Persia, Turkey and Greece in 1828-29* might well have been written 120 years later: "Nothing in Greece", says this traveller, "can more forcibly give an idea of the war that has been carried on, than finding on inquiry that not a third of the residents in any place are natives of it, but only sojourners there, till security is afforded them in their own birth-places."

727 The parish clergy fled with their people to the comparative security
of the towns, but the priest was a marked man and many failed to make
●793 good their escape. No less than 239 priests and monks were done to
[792] death by the Communists alone, and seventy-seven by the Germans,
while a further forty-seven died at the hands of Bulgars, Italians or
[798] Albanian moslems. Of the total number of 363 the majority (297 to be
precise) were parish priests: no single category of the population sustained heavier casualties in the slaughter of these years than the village *papades*.

793 "I triumphed", says De Quincey, "but infer not, reader, a condition
of joy or exultation." Not all of those who died were men of the quality
798 of the heroic parish priest of the village of Megarchis, Papa George
Skrekas, who was crucified by the Communists on Good Friday, 1947. Nor, needless to add, did every Christian who suffered for the faith during the first three centuries of our era embrace death with the ardour of an Ignatius or the serenity of a Polycarp. The Church of Greece has ever been rich in martyrs, and there are not a few names—unknown though they be to Christendom at large—which have been added during the last ten years to the roll of those who will be remembered in the mountain dioceses whenever the Church gathers for the eucharist:

A DAY OF WASTENESS AND DESOLATION 793

"Thy Church, O Christ our God, in all the world is adorned with 798
the blood of thy martyrs as with purple and fine linen."

But for every village *papas* who died, a dozen fled to the shelter of the 722
nearest fortified post. Some went further afield, to live with relatives
in Athens or the Piraeus, and in 1949 many bishops had, in addition to 793
their catalogue of refugee clergy, a further list of those who were
'missing'—whose fate and whereabouts were unknown. Often a very
large proportion of the clergy of a diocese were homeless: seventy-five
of the ninety-three parish priests of the diocese of Grevena, for example,
had been forced to abandon their parishes by the winter of 1948-49;
while in the neighbouring see of Trikka and Staghi there were at that
time no less than ninety-nine refugee clergy. The Lord Nikephoros,
Metropolitan of Kastoria, told me that his sixty-three homeless *papades*
included eighteen men, recently ordained after completing their training
at the Kozani seminary, who had had no parochial experience under
normal conditions. The economic situation of the refugee clergy was
peculiarly difficult, deprived as they were of their fees as well as their lands.

It is doubtful whether anything—not even the carrying off of Greek 722
children to territories beyond the iron curtain—did more to deprive 727
the Communists of any vestige of sympathy in the country districts of 795
Greece than their barbarous treatment of churches and clergy. The 669
impassioned harangues of the Communist schoolmaster could avail
but little, in the face of this desecration of holy things, to commend
his cause to a people whose deepest loyalties had been outraged. What
could be expected of men who burned down churches and defaced the
eikons of the saints; who laid their infernal engines within the very
sanctuary before the holy table; who crucified priests, and pillaged the
monasteries where prayer had been offered for the whole state of Christ's
Church from time immemorial? What could words avail the unhappy
perpetrators of such terrible deeds? The 'Accursed of God' might burn
and pillage and make fervent protestation of the surpassing excellence
of their aims, they could not wipe out the impression created by their
manifest hatred of the Church. As after the disclosure of the atrocities
committed during the battle for Athens and the Piraeus in December,
1944, so in the face of these new horrors, there was a widespread reluctance
to admit that Greeks could perpetrate such deeds. The men [619]
who did such things must be Slavs or Bulgars—no Greek could be
capable of such crimes against God and against his own nation.

THE WATERS OF MARAH

727 795 By the summer of 1950 it had become possible to gain some notion of the full extent of the material destruction which the Church had sustained since the beginning of the war; although with large tracts of northern Greece uninhabited until a few months before, the compiling of accurate statistics—never a simple matter—presented problems such as only one who had been in Greece during the last few years could hope to appreciate fully. I have already referred to the wholesale destruction of churches and monasteries. This, though serious enough, was perhaps most easily remedied. I remember one bishop who chuckled inordinately when I questioned him on this subject; "All that is necessary", he assured me, "is that I should go in person to the village with a spade and set to work, and then: *Panaghia!* in no time at all the whole village will turn out and a new church will be built before one can say a *kathisma* of psalms!"

More serious, perhaps, and not confined to those villages where the fabric of the church had been demolished, was the acute shortage of liturgical books, chalices, vestments, and other accessories of worship which could not be supplied from local resources. The dearth of [213] service-books, in particular, was occasioning widespread difficulty. Old Venetian editions had been brought in from long-abandoned monasteries and remote hill-top chapels which had escaped pillage—though the antique characters in which many of them were printed, while intelligible enough to the experienced monk, made it difficult for the average *papas* (to say nothing of the village choir) to read the service with any facility.

727 793 346 I remarked in an earlier chapter that the metropolis is as a rule one of the most impressive and substantial buildings of a provincial town. In 1950, however, several bishops were homeless. The Metropolitan of Grevena was living in lodgings, having one room for his personal use and another which served as the diocesan office; the Lord Agathangellos of Nevrokopi was living in the most apostolic simplicity in two barely furnished rooms; nor, amongst the provincial 'saints', were such cases exceptional.

727 794 Faced by a catastrophe so complete and overwhelming, the first concern of the Church was to try to meet the urgent demand for the bare necessities of life: for food, clothing and shelter. Everywhere the response was the same: orphanages, homes for refugee children, centres for the distribution of food and clothing, clinics and hospitals, were

created as it were out of nothing. Everywhere these institutions were 727 hastily improvised in the face of desperate and clamorous necessity, 794 and, more often than not, maintained with a heroic disregard for the universal lack of material resources, and a courage worthy of a St. Vincent de Paul.

In almost every diocese the bishop bore a heavy responsibility in this work of relief. Nearly always he exercised a close personal supervision over the various institutions which had come into being in response to the need of a people driven, for the second time within less than ten years, from their homes and lands; over the *estia* where for several years milk was distributed daily to thousands of refugee children; the *paidikos stathmos* where infants were cared for during the day; the [648] distribution of clothing, black stuff for cassocks, soap, cocoa, macaroni, beans, sugar, boots and shoes—all the multiplicity of urgently needed supplies with which a host of relief organisations, societies, British and American towns and villages, and private benefactors sought to succour the people of Greece in their distress.

At Siderokastro, for example, the Metropolitan (who as assistant bishop of Salonica was an ardent supporter of the work of the Near East Foundation during the period between the wars), founded a small hospital where poor families could receive free medical attention, as well as a remarkable school of housekeeping for girls of marriageable age. Like all the Macedonian 'despots', the Bishop was president of the [657] local branch of the national relief organisation known as P.I.K.P.A., and supervised the two centres from which milk and cocoa were issued [793] daily to thousands of refugee children from the villages of his diocese.

At Edessa, in western Macedonia, the Metropolitan founded, shortly after the end of the occupation, an orphanage for twenty-five boys. This was originally situated in a house on the outskirts of the town, [669] but during the heavy fighting at Epiphany, 1949—when Naoussa, a few kilometres to the southward, was sacked by the Communists and more than 600 of its inhabitants carried away captive to the mountains—this building was extensively damaged and rendered almost uninhabitable. The Bishop then established his orphans under the care of a monk in a dilapidated Turkish house next to the metropolis, and this was subsequently transformed into a permanent orphanage. Not content [792] with this, the Bishop proceeded to found two further orphanages attached to nearby monasteries, as soon as the district was sufficiently tranquil

727 to permit the monks and nuns—who had taken refuge in the town of
794 Edessa—to return to their respective convents. A fourth orphanage
[792] was established a few miles away at Iannitsa.'

So, all over Greece, there was heroic improvisation in the face of overwhelming material need; and, as at Edessa and Siderokastro, so in many another provincial town from the Peloponnese to the remotest fringes of northern Epirus and Thrace, the courage and initiative of the local 'despot' were factors of incalculable importance.

727 And yet, as I emphasised at the beginning of this chapter, pre-
794 occupation with the material needs of her children did not cause the
Church to neglect their spiritual welfare. The feeding and clothing of
793 the homeless and the destitute, the distribution of soup and the creation of hospitals and orphanages, went hand in hand with the preaching of the Gospel. The Metropolitan of Siderokastro was not content with his hospital, his P.I.K.P.A. centres and his school of housekeeping. Even while the issue of the long struggle with the Communists was yet in the balance—and the Bulgarian frontier lies barely ten miles to the northward of the town—the Lord Basil was organising his "Guardians of Spiritual Enlightenment" and pressing ahead with the construction of a *Christianiki Estia*: a building comprising a large hall, library, class-rooms and offices, which should serve as a centre for the already vigorous Christian youth movements of the diocese and for training catechists and preachers. He needed, as every bishop did, cassocks for his clergy, food and clothing and medical supplies for his stricken people; but he was anxious above all to obtain Greek New Testaments for his catechetical schools, and a duplicator which would enable him to send a weekly sermon to every village *papas* in the diocese.

795 So it was elsewhere. Nothing that I saw in Greece impressed me more deeply than the fact that it was so often in precisely those districts where suffering had been most acute, where destruction and devastation were most evident, that the life of the Church seemed to burn most brightly. Suffering and desolation, which in a people less profoundly Christian than the Greeks might have brought forth nothing more creative than despair, have in Greece borne precious fruit. Deprived of all worldly security and riches, the Church has been forced back upon the Rock whereon she is founded; has learned anew that there can be no resurrection apart from the cross—the instrument of shameful death which is yet the throne of the victor. Through prolonged suffering she has

X

A MACEDONIAN DIOCESE 000

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder.

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722 204 A FEW paces from the gates of the University of Salonica, just south of the Via Ignatia where antique tramcars go clanging across the dusty waste that was once the Jewish cemetery, the daily papers, which play so important a part in Greek intellectual and social life, used to be publicly displayed every morning so that all men—poor scholars and unbeneficed clerks as well as prosperous merchants rich in this world's goods—might read of the heroic exploits of the armies which strove to drive the Accursed of God from the snowy heights of Pindos: a public-spirited gesture, worthy of a people who have ever set the pursuit of truth far beyond mere commercial advantage, and one of which I was often glad to avail myself on my way from the university library at midday.

722 793 One sunny forenoon in the spring of 1949 as I scanned the headlines of *Kathimerini* and *Akropolis* a photograph caught my eye. At first sight it seemed in no way remarkable: a group of country clergy gathered about their father in God—the latter an impressive figure wearing the *enkolpion*, or pectoral eikon, which is the mark of the higher clergy. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed that this was no ordinary clerical assembly, for every one of these reverend personages had a rifle slung across his shoulder. I turned in some astonishment to the accompanying paragraph and read that "in the war against the insurgents, the clergy of Grevena hastened to be enrolled under the banner of the movement for the deliverance of the Hellenic race. . . ." The photograph, it concluded, "shows the Metropolitan of Grevena with his armed priests".

727 793 I went to lunch with my curiosity whetted. Grevena, I knew, was a peculiarly isolated diocese and one that had suffered severely, first at the hands of the Germans and again in the present troubles. Further enquiries disclosed that the present Metropolitan, the Lord Theokletos, was a man renowned for his ardent patriotism and his immense stature.

A MACEDONIAN DIOCESE

During the weeks which followed I had occasion to correspond with 727
this prelate as to the state of his diocese, and received a pressing in- 793
vitation to come and see for myself the desperate conditions resulting from eight years of all but continuous warfare.

Some months went by before an opportunity presented itself, and 484
then one morning in February, 1950, found me travelling westwards from Kozani in a jeep belonging to the 2nd Army Corps. When I had last come this way, the previous March, we had been constrained to travel in convoy: a seemingly endless line of heavy army trucks laden with provisions, fodder and ammunition for the outlying garrisons of
northern Pindos. It had been the eve of the festival of the Annunciation 527
—which is also the day on which Greece commemorates the raising of the standard of revolt by the Archbishop of Patras in 1821—and every vehicle was decked with evergreens and plastered with patriotic slogans:

ΖΗΤΩ Ο ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ
ΖΗΤΩ ΤΟ ΕΘΝΟΣ
ΖΗΤΩ Ο ΣΤΡΑΤΟΣ.

The wild, mountainous tract of country that lies south and west of 491
Kozani is a desolate region at all times, and never more so than in early February when the outworks of the great fortress of Pindos are veiled in snow, and icy winds scour the exposed valley which leads westward away from the haunts of men. A mile or two from Siatista the road forked and we turned southwards out of the teeth of the wind, the lightly-laden jeep lurching and jolting over the deeply-scored, rock-strewn surface of a truly Hellenic road—"the worst road in all Macedonia", the driver assured me with emphasis.

At Grevena—set drab and cheerless amongst low hills, the gaunt ruin of the orphanage dark against the sky—boulders gave place to mud. It lapped about us as we turned out of the market, where I had a fleeting glimpse of whiskered *papades* in rusty cassocks sprawled round a table amidst the dull gleam of copper pans and cauldrons. A veritable sea of mud, churned by the wheels of heavy vehicles, stretched unbroken from the steps of the regimental headquarters towards the broken line of ramshackle dwellings beyond the river.

Here on the furthermost fringe of Macedonia the road was swallowed up in the muddy deeps; beyond the cottages lay the massive rampart of Pindos, traversed only by mule-tracks winding high among the

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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491 snows, westwards towards Metsovo and Epirus. To the southward a few paths—impassable save on foot during the winter months—gave access to Kalambaka and the plains of Thessaly.

793 After paying my respects to the colonel in command of the garrison I plunged afresh into the inland sea and struck out for the metropolis: a simple cottage where the Bishop rented a couple of rooms. The Lord Theokletos—a monumental figure in an ungirt robe of indigo—looked [785] strangely out of place in such a setting. The Friday fast was waived out of regard to the presence of a traveller, and when we had eaten the [574] Metropolitan told me something of the state of his diocese. It was a gloomy picture that he outlined.

722 793 727 Owing to the remoteness of the district and its poor communications almost every village had been abandoned by its inhabitants from 1947 till the summer of 1949. Grevena itself, a comopolis with a pre-war population in the region of 3,500, had, for more than two years, sheltered five times that number of refugees. During the past six months it had been possible for the people to return to certain villages situated in the northern part of the diocese, but there were reputed to be more than 2,000 families still living in the great refugee camp on the southern fringes of the town, and sixty-four of the diocese's ninety-six villages were still, after three years, uninhabited. Many of the fugitives had fled southwards to Kalambaka, Trikkala and Larissa; others had sought refuge in Kozani.

The refugees had included seventy-five parish priests, only sixteen of whom had as yet been able to return to their villages. Two priests had been done to death by the Germans; three others, as well as three monks, murdered by the Communists. As recently as October, 1949, the solitary occupant of the monastery of St. Athanasius, close to the village of Trikomon, had returned home after two years' exile, despite the advice of the Bishop and others who counselled him to wait two or three months longer, only to be brutally murdered within the space of a [798] few days. It was when matters were at their worst that the Bishop formed his clerical militia and drilled his venerable warriors in the square where stands the monument to his predecessor in the see of Grevena, the Metropolitan Aimilianos, who had suffered death at the hands of the Turks in 1911 and is revered in this region as a martyr. This redoubtable force had never been called upon to take the field against the Accursed of God, but, said the Lord Theokletos, it had served as an example.

As to the destruction of churches, it seemed that some months must

inevitably elapse before the Bishop could hope to be in a position to 722
make a detailed statement. He instructed his secretary to provide me 727
with a report embodying such information as had reached him. Grevena 793 •
itself had suffered a heavy bombardment during the retreat of 1941 and the cathedral church of the Annunciation had been seriously damaged (the old cathedral of St. George had been destroyed by fire several years earlier). On the outskirts of the town lay a little church dedicated to St. Archelaos of Larissa. This had become the parish church of the refugees. Here, from 1947 onwards, the refugee clergy had assembled daily to sing mattins and evensong, and on Sundays and festivals to celebrate together the divine mysteries. This church, as I subsequently [794]
discovered, also served as a centre for the distribution of rations to the vast multitude of the homeless who dwelt in the nissen huts on the edge of the town. On my way back to the metropolis I ran into a large group of refugee clergy. They had got wind of my projected expedition and begged me to visit their villages and to bring back news of their condition after three years' abandonment.

I returned to the regimental headquarters at dusk, armed with my 123
report, and spent an hour poring over maps with a young captain from Volos. We finally decided upon two itineraries, each of several days' duration. The first would enable me to see something of those parts of the diocese which were still uninhabited, and about which the Bishop had little information; the second, to visit several villages north and west of Grevena to which the refugees had lately returned. Arrangements having been made for a nine o'clock start the following morning, I returned to the metropolis for supper and discussed the Zoë movement and the architectural projects of the Metropolitan of Siatista with the Lord Theokletos until it was time for bed.

Saturday, February 4th, dawned fine and dry. The first stage of my 484
journey was accomplished in a jeep driven by an *Epeirotes* who had concealed two British soldiers in his house at Iannina during the occupation. Less than five miles from Grevena the track which we were following gave up the ghost and further progress was impossible. At this point we were met by a sergeant and two soldiers, mounted on mules and leading a handsome bay mare caparisoned after the European manner. It took us an hour to climb to the village of Mavranaioi, which 727
was strongly garrisoned (it had been partly inhabited since the previous October). After lunching with the officers of the garrison I resumed

in 1945, but two years later the people fled to Grevena and all was left 727 unfinished. Some fifty families had returned in November, 1949, and 346 were now settled in their old houses. The church which was to replace that destroyed by the Germans stood roofless: the windows unglazed, the eikonostasis of rough-hewn timbers. There was a tiny chapel dedicated to the prophet Elias on the brow of the hill, half a mile beyond the village, where the holy mysteries had been celebrated for a time. Now the church which was in Elatos assembled Sunday by Sunday for the breaking of the bread in the half-finished structure which dominated the village.

Whilst we were within the church there was a murmuring amongst 484 the crowd that had gathered in the snow outside: shouts of "Behold! He comes. Make haste, O Papa Iannis!" The parish priest had just [793] returned from Grevena, having followed a more direct route than ourselves. He came scrambling up through the orchard below the church, a ragged figure clad in *kalymmafchion* and tattered overcoat, his boots heavy with mud, his cassock slung across his shoulder, clawing his way up the slope with the aid of a shepherd's staff. We all retired to the *taverna* for a glass of ouzo, and then, after despatching three of the escort with the baggage-mule, the rest of my party (together with two lads from the local militia and the indefatigable Papa Iannis, who, despite his seventy-three years, had already covered the best part of ten miles that morning), set out for the neighbouring village of Anavryta— 727 a deserted hamlet set on the brink of a deep chasm where the inky thread of the Venetikos lay twisted in the pale sunlight. Far away against the towering ramparts of Pindos the ruins of Ziakas could be distinguished: a dark stain on the white vesture which enfolded the silent countryside.

The more enterprising of the Anavrytans had found lodging in the recently reoccupied village of Kallirachi (where we spent the following night) and were planning to return to their houses in the spring. The parish priest at Kallirachi had improvised a temporary oratory where he said the daily offices. The church lay in ruins, and the liturgy was [346] celebrated in a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Demetrius of Thessalonica, a full kilometre from the village. I left my escort at Kallirachi and set out early with a couple of local guides for Megaron, the largest village [484] of the district and, like Kallirachi, reoccupied by its inhabitants some two months earlier. Here I made but a brief stay, as I was anxious to reach Kydonies (which lay well outside the inhabited zone) and get

727 back to a populated village before nightfall. The *kapetanios* of the local
484 militia undertook to have an escort ready by noon, and in the meantime
the parish priest carried me off to the refectory of the police station
(where we broke our fast) and thence to see the parish church: an ancient
structure roofed with corrugated iron, the walls bulging and sagging
ominously at several points.

By one o'clock I was riding westwards on a handsome white mule,
with an escort of local militia, armed to the teeth, in line ahead and
astern, and all the mountains of Macedonia spread out around the
727 horizon. Kydonies, where we arrived a little after three o'clock, was
utterly deserted. It had been a large village (some 175 families, according
to my escort), and the destruction was more restricted than in many
[346] villages of this region. The church, like that at Elatos, had apparently
been left uncompleted when the people fled: a temporary chapel which
occupied the position of the outer narthex was in a ruinous condition.
Several eikons lay half buried amongst the fallen masonry. The whole
building, like the ruined school-house adjoining it, was daubed with
democratic slogans.

727 The parish priest of Kydonies, Papa Athanasius Toskas, had been
793 murdered by the Germans who fell upon the village on July 7th, 1944.
Papa Athanasius, despite his sixty-seven years, had gathered up his
skirts and made for the forest as fast as his legs would carry him, in
company with the curate of the neighbouring village of Ekklesia, Papa
Nicolas Tsabiri. The latter succeeded in making good his escape, but
Papa Athanasius was surrounded and captured. His body was found
some days later, barbarously mutilated. His ears and hands had been
cut off, his beard set on fire, and his chest and back slashed with knives.
727 All about the village were little chapels: one which we passed, as we
[346] recrossed the stream at the foot of the hill and turned towards Rodia,
had been burned down.

I lay that night at the house of George Sabbas: the house where his
brother had been killed before his eyes three years earlier and whence he
had fled into the darkness to blunder about the wooded hills all night
before reaching Aghios Georgios and safety. The people of Rodia had
returned home only two months earlier. The youngest of my host's
three sons had married the daughter of the parish priest, and this
793 young woman now kept house for her father-in-law. After supper who
should appear but Father Athanasius, the *ephemerios*, who proved to be
an old friend from the Kozani seminary. He had come home for the

week-end. Conversation turned to the subject of the parish clergy; 793
Papa Athanasi was a whole-hearted admirer of the new system; he was
not one who could learn only from the Lord or rest content with a mere
facility in turning the pages of the service-books:

"The divine liturgy, *Kyrie Petre*, can be gabbled through by a man
who is all but illiterate: we are called to be shepherds, and a shepherd
has need of great knowledge and wisdom."

Next morning Father Athanasius celebrated the holy mysteries in 727
the village church. It was one of the Saturdays of all souls, and the
priest's daughter was early astir, making preparations for the commemoration [769]
of departed relatives and friends. Before the service was
ended I left for the neighbouring village of Sydendron, where the
curate, Papa Constantinos, introduced himself as "the priest who
bore the machine-gun in the sacred company of the despot". St. [346]
Nicolas, Sydendron, had been a fine church, apparently dating from the [669]
sixteenth century. It had survived the years of occupation only to be
set on fire by the Communists on the night of July 25th, 1947. The
ancient frescoes were slowly crumbling away, but sufficient remained
to show something of the former splendour of the church.

I lunched at the presbytery and rode on to Amygdalies in the early
afternoon. Most of the village's 200 children seemed to be dancing
barefoot in the sun outside their newly opened school: a nissen hut
erected on the site of the building destroyed by the Germans in July, [346]
1943. A huge new church was in process of construction, but work was
at a standstill through lack of funds, and the liturgy had to be celebrated
in a brick chapel hastily constructed in 1946 within the walls of the
unfinished church. Being anxious to reach Aghios Georgios before 722
nightfall I resisted the efforts of the parish priest to persuade me to stay
the night at Amygdalies, and as twilight deepened into darkness came
clattering down the steep slopes to the stream where a few children
still lingered, on a mule which I would have pitted even against Urquhart's
Aristotle, and dismounted outside the house of the president.

Aghios Georgios was one of the only two villages in the diocese of
Grevena where the population had remained throughout the troubled
years which followed the end of the occupation, and had, moreover,
afforded shelter to many refugees from other communities. The [712]
church—a massive structure dating from the middle of the nineteenth [346]
century—stood on rising ground in the centre of the village. The [669]

following day I rode into Vatolakkos with an escort of six militiamen 574 and fell straight into the hands of the parish priest, who was sunning himself on a bench outside the gendarmerie station. This *papas* was a graduate of the Kozani seminary; his father had been a priest in [722] Smyrna (like Kivotos, this was a refugee village). He spoke with pride [794] of the catechetical school which had been flourishing in the village since the previous autumn.

Vatolakkos, like Aghios Georgios, had never been abandoned by its 722 inhabitants. Owing to its important position—astride the main road 727 from Grevena to Kozani—it had been strongly garrisoned throughout the troubles, and had offered sanctuary to the fugitives from no less than ten neighbouring communities, despite the fact that the greater number of the houses had been destroyed in the German advance of 1941—there were bomb craters all along the road from Kivotos southward. The parish priest had sheltered five refugee families in his house for more than two years. The church, which had never been completed, had, according to the Bishop's report, been pillaged by the Germans. It had moreover been damaged by mortar fire during an attack on the [669] village by the Communists. A new school had just been opened to take the place of the one destroyed by the Germans.

From Vatolakkos I succeeded in telephoning to army headquarters 793 at Grevena, and shortly after three o'clock I was picked up by my friend from Iannina. After attending the evensong of the refugee clergy, in company with the Bishop's deacon, and a long talk with the fugitive *ephemerioi* of Spelaion and Kosmati, I paid a final visit to the metropolis. The Bishop was unwell: he had been ill for some time past, and I took my leave early. Some months later, after a letter enclosing photographs of the ruined churches of the diocese had remained long unanswered, I saw from a notice in *Ekklesia* that the Lord Theokletos had passed to his rest.

Like Father Ioakeim, his deacon, he was a native of the Piraeus and had laboured there for thirty-three years as vicar of the parish of St. Constantine before being called to take charge of the see of Grevena in the third year of the occupation. The state of the diocese even in those days was serious enough, and had the new *despotes* been able to foresee the full extent of the catastrophe which was to overwhelm the widely scattered communities committed to his charge within the space of another five years, he might understandably have shrunk from the heavy burden of responsibility that he was called to bear.

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793 722 From 1947 onwards the Lord Theokletos found himself the bishop of a vast multitude of displaced persons; the whole outward framework of diocesan administration disrupted; his parish clergy driven from their cures and scattered to far corners of Greece, or crowded together in the nissen huts on the margins of Grevena; the town itself threatened by the Communists. Called to face a truly desperate situation, the Metropolitan set an example worthy of his predecessor, the martyred Aimilianos, and of the great traditions of the Greek Church. Somehow, despite all material difficulties, food, shelter and clothing were provided for the innumerable refugees who descended upon Grevena during the fourth year of his episcopate, the philanthropic institutions of the battered township continued to function, and the Saint and Despot of Grevena, at the head of his 'sacred company' of refugee clergy, showed that the spirit of the warrior-prelates of the old wars was not yet extinct.

793 794 This alone was sufficient to ensure that the episcopate of the Metropolitan Theokletos of Grevena would long be remembered, not merely in western Macedonia but throughout the Church of Greece. But this was not all. I have said that it was often in those districts where devastation and suffering had left their deepest mark that the Church manifested most plainly the Source of her life. The episcopate of Theokletos of Grevena may well serve to illustrate this truth.

The late Metropolitan had not been long in residence (he had been forced to spend some months in Kozani before coming to his diocese) before he summoned to his assistance a priest-monk then working in Florina, the Archimandrite Augustine: a powerful preacher, an ardent evangelist noted for his adherence to the letter of the dominical counsels in such matters as personal property, and an outspoken rebuker of vice—even when manifested in high places. This last characteristic having apparently rendered Father Augustine's relations with a certain dignitary of the Church somewhat delicate, he established himself at Grevena during the third year of the Lord Theokletos' episcopate and threw himself into the task of building up a Christian movement among the young men and girls of the diocese.

Father Augustine's method was to gather round him a little band of potential leaders: a score of young catechists of both sexes, the majority drawn from the senior classes of the high school, who would in time be able to carry on the work which he had begun. Before long it had proved possible to organise catechetical schools for children of all ages, and (as the refugee camp became more and more swollen

during the course of 1947) to draw into the new Christian Unions 793
many hundreds of boys and girls from the remote hamlets of Pindos,
few of whom had ever heard a sermon preached in their village churches, 794
let alone received any systematic course of instruction in the faith such as was now offered them. Whilst the whole diocese lay desolate and the Communist bands roamed the mountains almost at will, there was slowly growing up amongst the young Christians crowded together in the mud and squalor of Grevena a movement which promised to transform the religious life of this barren region.

In 1949 Father Augustine left Grevena to take up new work as chaplain to the 2nd Army Corps at Kozani, but the Christian Unions continued to flourish. Their membership at the time of my visit was in the region of 1,600—and this figure did not include the hundreds of children who had recently returned to their villages. In order that these latter should not be lost to the movement, several young catechists were visiting the lately repopulated villages around Grevena every week-end, giving addresses either during the liturgy or else in the village square when the people came out of church, and labouring to build up catechetical schools in every village. The Metropolitan had given immense stimulus to this work by sending as many parish clergy as he could spare to study at Kozani seminary—men like Papa Athanasius from Rodia—who would be qualified to run their own catechetical schools when they returned home.

Outstanding among the catechists trained by Father Augustine was a young gendarme who, now that there was no regular *hierokeryx* attached to the metropolis, was himself acting as the diocesan preacher and assistant to the Metropolitan. It would have been hard to match the burning devotion and zeal of these young catechists; the enthusiasm
and eagerness of their still younger pupils. The Bishop himself had no 793
illusions as to the importance of the work that had been begun three
years before: in the face of devastation such as I had seen with my 794
own eyes during the course of the ten days I had spent in the diocese— 727
material destruction on a scale equal to that sustained by any Greek diocese—it was his considered opinion that the most desperate need was not for clothing or food or medical supplies, not for animals to replace those slaughtered by the Germans or driven off to the mountains by the Communists, not for domestic or agricultural implements and tools, but for a properly equipped building to serve as a centre for the Christian Unions, for Greek New Testaments and other Christian

794 literature, and for a magical *polygraphos* which would enable him to
[793] distribute every week a homily to be read by every *papas* in the diocese
[727] at the Sunday liturgy.

For the truly notable feature of his episcopate had been neither the destruction and pillage of the villages, nor the slaughter of his clergy and the flight of his people from their homes and lands; all this had but provided the setting for a flowering of new and vigorous spiritual life of untold power, which promised to spread, from the little band of catechists whom Father Augustine had gathered about him, to every village and hamlet of the diocese—to Spelaion, high amongst the towering rocks above the Venetikos, where the saints brooded over the dark church, to Samarina and the summer pastures of the Vlach shepherds, southward and westward to desolate Trikomon and the uninhabited wastes towards Metsovo—and to bring a deepened and more conscious sharing in the Christian mystery to a people who had, as it was, retained their hold upon the fundamental virtues of faith, hope and charity with a tenacity which is rare in the world to-day.

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795 Though the traditions which enshrine the saving truths of the Gospel
797 had been handed down from generation to generation throughout the centuries of Turkish dominion, the life of the Church was nevertheless gravely threatened by corruption and decay. The ministry of the word had fallen into almost complete neglect even in Athens, while in the country districts sermons were all but unknown. The ordinary people were for the most part "ill instructed, or rather not taught at all, sermons and catechising rare amongst them, Masses and Divine Service hudled and run over in a cursory and negligent manner . . ."

● 793 The higher clergy, with few exceptions, paid but scanty heed to their
797 pastoral responsibilities. By the eighteen-forties (owing to the long delay in the recognition of the autocephalous status of the Church of Greece by the Oecumenical Patriarch) the number of the bishops had declined until only four remained, and those well advanced in years. As to the parish clergy, one may read accounts of their ignorance that differ but little from those which Covel had set down 200 years earlier: "Most priests have no books by them, but only their Church Offices; and . . . all their Study is only to get them by Heart, which takes up so much of their time as they cannot attend to read or Study other learned books if they had them. . . . Their ordinary prayers and liturgies, like Parrots they commonly mumble and hurry over by heart, and use them very imperfectly, with strange variety and confusion."

[792] As for the monasteries, though there remained many holy monks and learned even in the darkest days, all too many of the *kalogeroi* were worldly and ignorant; jealous of their privileges, content with a merely formal discharge of the duties belonging to their state; drowsing in sunny galleries, cultivating their vegetables and their pleasant vineyards.

794 It is against such a background that we have to view the labours of
797 that little company of priests and laymen who laid the foundations of what, in our own time, has become a nation-wide movement. The initiative in the growing revival of evangelistic and missionary activity that has characterised the last 100 years of the history of the Greek Church has come, not from the hierarchy—though many bishops have been whole-hearted supporters of the new movements—but from individual churchmen: lay theologians, monks and clergy. It is only
[793] very recently that an official 'Home Mission' has come into being, with the foundation of the *Apostoliki Diakonia* of the Church of Greece (not to be confounded with a far older movement of the same name which still flourishes in Salonica and the northern dioceses).

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797 good People . . . for the encouraging and encreasing of their Devotion,
and for the better management of their Lives and Conversations".
794 The foundation of the School of the Logos constitutes an important
797 landmark; it inaugurates the era of the voluntary movements and
establishes the essential features of a pattern of missionary activity
175 which has held the field until our own day, and from which the foundation
of an official Home Mission marks the first radical departure.

In September, 1876, Makrakes and his associates founded the School of the Logos which combined the functions of a private *gymnasium* with those of an evening school for adults. Father Eusebius (who had been ordained priest a month before) was appointed chaplain and *pneumatikos* of this remarkable institution—he also made himself responsible for the cleaning of the school (especially, it is related, "of its vilest places", τῶν εὐτελεστέρων τόπων αὐτῆς: a phrase charged with sinister meaning for anyone acquainted with the lamentable decline in the standards of Hellenic plumbing since the far-off days when King Minos flourished in his Cretan palace!) The outstanding qualities of this young priest were quickly discerned by those about him, and not a few who were many years his senior in age and experience came to rely upon him as counsellor and spiritual father. It was during this period that Father Eusebius began his experiments with the small groups (*omades*) which were to become so important a feature of the brotherhood which he founded some thirty years later.

But the School of the Logos was not destined to enjoy a long career.
Scarcely two years had elapsed from its foundation when Makrakes
and his associates became involved in a violent controversy with the
authorities, which brought their educational and spiritual work in
Athens to an abrupt conclusion and scattered the leaders of the movement
to remote islands and monasteries. In 1875, as the result of a scandalous
793 transaction involving payments to certain ministers of the State, three
797 men succeeded in obtaining the vacant bishoprics of Patras, Messenia
662 and Kephallenia. The facts became widely known and public opinion
175 was deeply aroused. Makrakes and certain of his fellow-workers
published fiery articles denouncing this flagrant violation of the holy
canons. A trial ensued; the guilty ministers were imprisoned and
fined, while the three simoniacal bishops were committed to the Holy
Synod, which should then, according to the canons, have proceeded to
a sentence of deposition.

793 The Synod, however, declined to take this step. Makrakes thereupon
797
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extended his attacks from the simoniacal bishops themselves to those 793 whom he now accused of being their accomplices—the members of the 797 Holy Synod and the Archbishop of Athens. A bitter controversy ensued. 175 Makrakes (whose language had never been characterised by moderation) threw discretion to the winds and attacked the bishops, the prime minister, the government and the theological faculty of the university without discrimination and in the most violent terms. The Metropolitan of Athens and of all Greece he denounced as "Simon Magus: *Archegos* of the hateful-to-God heresy and Metropolitan of evil courses!" The national university was no longer the *panepistemion*, the home of all the sciences, but the *panskotisterion*, the abode of universal darkness.

The clergy who were associated with Makrakes were more restrained in their denunciations of the hierarchy. They felt bound, nevertheless, to cease to commemorate their diocesan at the divine liturgy. The Synod retaliated by publishing unfounded charges of heresy and false [794] teaching, and warned the faithful to have nothing to do with the theologians associated with the School of the Logos. The school itself was suppressed in the autumn of 1878, though Makrakes continued to publish his journal. In February, 1879, six of the 'Makrakist' clergy (including the archimandrites Hierotheos Metropoulos and Elias Vlachopoulos, as well as Father Eusebius) were brought before the Synod and tried on charges of heresy and *kakodoxia*. Despite the accused clergy's profession of orthodoxy and the absence of any shred of evidence in support of the charges, all were found guilty and sentenced to periods of exile, ranging from eight to ten years, in isolated monasteries dispersed amongst the islands of the Aegean and Ionian seas.

Father Eusebius was sent to the monastery of Palaiokastriotissa in Corfu—a small convent inhabited by ten monks, five hours' journey from the town of Kerkyra—where, cheerfully accepting this enforced interruption of his apostolic labours amongst the Athenians, he gave himself unreservedly to prayer and self-examination, and to the study of the scriptures. It was not long before the abbot of the monastery realised that the character of the exiled priest had been grossly misrepresented by the ecclesiastical authorities, and, with the consent of the local bishop, Father Eusebius began to preach in the villages of the diocese and to confess the people. Hierotheos Metropoulos was meanwhile turning his banishment to good account by reorganising the monastery of Longovardas in the isle of Paros, where his influence has endured to the present day.

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793 The scandal occasioned by the simoniacal bishops had not been
797 silenced by the banishment of the 'Makrakist' clergy. On the contrary,
175 there was a widespread feeling that a grave injustice had been committed; petitions were organised, the subject was raised again and again in parliament, and at last, after three years, the exiles were recalled and the case of the guilty prelates reopened before the Holy Synod. Father Eusebius had so endeared himself to the people of Kerkyra that they refused to let him go immediately and he continued his work of spiritual regeneration amongst them for a year longer. In 1883 the Synod suspended the simoniacs for three years, and shortly afterwards the director of the Rizareion School, the then Bishop of Platamon, was charged with the re-examination of the case of the clergy formerly associated with the School of the Logos. He reported that the accusations of heresy and *kakodoxia* were utterly without foundation, the six priests and deacons admitted their fault in ceasing to commemorate their diocesan at the liturgy, and a formal reconciliation was effected.

797 Makrakes, however, refused to admit that the action of the Synod
of 1879 constituted not a heresy (which might be held to justify
175 separation from the local bishop) but a crime (ἔγκλημα) which certainly did not, and continued obstinately in schism. The story of the later years of this gifted but unbalanced man makes melancholy reading. In 1879 he had founded the 'Panhellenic Society of Constantine the Great' and announced the approaching overthrow of Constantinople and the end of the 'Kingdom of the Antichrist Mohamed'. From this time onward oracles and prophetic visions occupy a prominent place in his writings. The Apocalypse and the dreams of an eccentric lawyer from Patras (much given to threatening his unbelieving fellow-townsmen with earthquakes) are pressed into service for his shrill polemics.

Father Eusebius and the other clergy who had formerly collaborated with this Christian philosopher tried hard to convince him of the folly of his ways, but without avail, and in 1884 they regretfully dissociated themselves from their old teacher. Three years later Makrakes was abandoned by most of his remaining supporters, two of whom, Constantine Dialesmas and a lawyer named Michael Galanos (who was subsequently to exercise a memorable ministry as a lay preacher in one of the churches of Athens) were responsible for the foundation of the movement known as *Anaplasis* (Regeneration) which continued the work of Makrakes while renouncing the eccentric ways into which he himself had fallen. Makrakes lived till 1905 and, despite the violence

dioceses, for it was not until 1936 that the Zoë Brotherhood established 794
a centre in Salonica. The motto of this movement (which I have [175]
quoted at the head of this chapter), provides a key to much of the most notable work that is being done in Greece to-day; 'the victory of the width'—to give a literal translation of a phrase that cannot easily be put into English—ultimately depends upon the faithfulness and energy with which 'the battle of the depth' is waged. There can, in other words, be no fruitful outward activity that does not spring from a deepened interior life. It is only as the missioner himself is truly converted, only as he himself learns to dwell in Christ and as Christ is formed in him, that he can be used as an effective instrument for the conversion of others. Apart from this all his activity is in vain:

"As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. . . . If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

It augurs well for the future that the strenuous missionary activity now being undertaken in almost every town and diocese of Greece is so completely grounded in prayer and the study of the scriptures, finding its centre in the divine liturgy and the sacraments. The foundations are being well laid.

The full scope of the activity of the unofficial religious movements is perhaps most conveniently described if we consider in turn the chief instruments now being employed to bring about the regeneration of the Greek people in Christ. These include preaching, the mystery of confession, the organisation of catechetical schools, youth movements and study circles, the publication of Christian literature, and, finally, liturgical reform.

Preaching has from the outset been of primary importance. Cosmas 793
Phlamiatos, Apostolos Makrakes and Eusebius Matthopoulos all relied 796
upon the spoken *kerygma* as their most effective instrument. The theologian—whether cleric or layman—who serves on the staff of a provincial bishop is first and foremost the *hierokeryx*, the sacred herald, whose duty it is to assist the bishop in the ministry of the word. In the course of the last two generations there has been a tremendous revival of preaching—at any rate in the towns. Every parish church in Athens and the Piraeus now has a sermon at the Sunday liturgy—normally an exposition of the Gospel which immediately precedes it—

● 793 796 while in many churches and halls there are regular sermons at other times during the week.

In the country dioceses, owing to the shortage of qualified preachers, sermons are still all too rarely to be heard outside the cathedral towns. The bishop and the diocesan preacher, with such other assistants as can be mustered from local resources, will visit one or two villages every Sunday, but in a diocese of perhaps 100 scattered communities it may well be that months will pass without the majority of the people having the opportunity to hear a sermon. I remember one Macedonian 'saint', who had taken advantage of the cessation of fighting in his diocese from the spring of 1949 onwards to undertake an intensive preaching campaign, telling me that in some villages it was more than ten years since a sermon had last been heard.

793 796 484 An energetic *hierokeryx* will often perform wonders; take for instance this typical week-end itinerary of a lay theologian, a member of Zoë, who used to be stationed at Kozani; on Saturday afternoon by army truck to Amyntaion (a distance of about fifty-five kilometres) and thence to the village of Lechovo, an hour's journey to the westward towards Kastoria. Here he gives an evening address in the church, the greater part of the community present. On Sunday morning a sermon at the liturgy is followed by an address to the young men and women. After a hurried meal he sets off on foot to the neighbouring village of Skydro for an address, not this time in the church but in the square. Thence he climbs to the village of Nymphaion, high on the mountainside, for two further addresses before nightfall—one in church, the other, for the young people, in the school. On Monday morning he proceeds by mule to Aetos and thence to Amyntaion and Kozani. The assistant *hierokeryx* of the diocese will in the meantime have set out for the *comopolis* of Servia to preach, from a cart standing in the midst of the square, to the crowds who have gathered there for the weekly market.

793 796 537 [785] The Greek *hierokeryx* can in general assume in his hearers a knowledge of the fundamentals of the Christian faith such as can no longer be taken for granted in England, at any rate. He and they will speak a common language—even though many have forgotten the reality that lies behind the familiar phrases. The outward tokens of a Christian society have still survived to a remarkable degree—the fasts of the Church's year, for instance, are still observed as a matter of course by multitudes who would make no claim to piety above the average. In

these circumstances it is understandable that contemporary preaching 793
should (to accept the distinction now current in reforming circles) be 796
practical rather than theoretical: should deal less with doctrine than
with conduct. 537

Father Eusebius was wont to insist on the importance of ending every sermon with a clear and distinct conclusion, to bring home the particular moral and spiritual truth with which the preacher had been dealing to the conscience of his hearers, as well as on the need for preaching in a style suited to their condition. His example has been salutary, and in reforming circles to-day one never hears the type of homily still cultivated by a few eccentric saints who bewilder their silly sheep with florid discourses framed in the ornate periods of Psellos or Anna Comnena. I well recall a certain *hierokeryx*, a lovable if idiorrhythmic character, who modelled his festal homilies on the funeral orations of Bossuet (a much-thumbed volume that accompanied him everywhere). These triumphs of rhetoric, which must have left the Epirote peasantry groping in vain for any clear and distinct practical conclusion, would be composed months before the date of their delivery and constantly reworked and polished until they reached the requisite height of literary perfection. Such artistry would be frowned upon in the religious societies.

The work of the preacher is supplemented by that of the confessor. 783
Although the mystery of confession has in practice fallen into sad neglect, 793
owing to the shortage of qualified *pneumatikoi*, there has been no more effective instrument for the reawakening of the Greek Church; none that is more highly prized in reforming circles to-day. While east and west are at one as to the fundamental nature of this 'mystery', there is a certain difference of emphasis. Amongst the Greeks the element of 'ghostly counsel and advice' is far more prominent than is commonly the case amongst western Christians. So marked is this difference of emphasis that Dr. Covel—who is as immoderate in his assaults upon the Romish doctrine of auricular confession as upon any other of the 'seven pretended sacraments'—is yet moved to applaud the Greek practice as a pious and laudable institution: such a confession, he remarks, or rather (lest there should be any misunderstanding) "serious Conference or Discourse as this with a Ghostly Father, or discreet Minister, is justly observed and commended by our own Church".

In these circumstances it is natural that considerably more importance should be attached to the personal character and qualifications of the

783 confessor amongst the Greeks than in the west. The power to bind and
793 to loose is given by the laying on of hands: the grace of the wise director of souls is conferred only upon a few, and is normally the fruit of great personal holiness and wide experience. Throughout Orthodox Christendom there has been a tendency to demand a high degree of perfection before authorising a priest to exercise the ministry of the confessor: one must oneself become a *spirituel* before aspiring to the office of a *père spirituel*.

The number of confessors at work in Greece to-day is still very small. In the country districts, in particular, this sacrament is still largely neglected. The ministry of the *pneumatikos* is nevertheless a factor of the very greatest importance in the present revival, and one which is held in the highest estimation, within the voluntary movements and the official Apostoliki Diakonia alike.

794 While preaching and the mystery of confession have thus been restored to something approaching their rightful place within the life of the Greek Church after long years of neglect, the leaders of the new movements have forged other weapons to meet the peculiar needs of the time. Chief amongst them must be mentioned the catechetical schools and Christian unions which are now so prominent a feature of Greek church life.

The creation of catechetical schools was essayed as early as the eighteen-seventies, but unsuccessfully, and it was the married priests George Makres and Mark Tsaktanes who were the real pioneers in this field. By the late 'twenties there were many catechetical schools flourishing in Athens and the Piraeus, especially under the direction of Father Angelos Nissiotes, who had taken over the movement founded by Father Mark at the latter's death in 1924. The Zoē Brotherhood (which had by this time emerged triumphant from two further attacks by suspicious hierarchs, and had also survived the premature death of one of the first and most ardent disciples of its founder, the Archimandrite Dionysios Pharazoules), first turned its attention to the organisation of catechetical schools in 1926. From this time onward these schools begin to establish themselves until at the present day Zoē alone has well over 600 under its supervision, and the movement of Father Angelos some 350, not to mention hundreds of others now flourishing in every part of Greece.

These schools (which are directed almost entirely by lay men and

women) afford a systematic course of instruction in Christian doctrine 794
and practice for boys and girls between the ages of nine and twenty-two.
These children have all, it must be borne in mind, been full communicant
members of the Church since infancy. There are no confirmation [795]
classes in Greece, and, within the new movements at least, [883]
the period of adolescence, when so overwhelming a proportion of our
own children lose all vital contact with the Church, is commonly
that at which the young Greek Christian begins to play an active part
in the life of his local community.

The size of the catechetical schools, even in the provincial towns of 162
northern Greece (where such schools were not founded until the late 794
'thirties and had hardly established themselves when these districts
were overwhelmed by foreign occupation and Communist sedition) is often quite staggering. The figures for the town of Kilkis—a few miles north of Salonica and the scene of some of the bloodiest massacres of the whole war—may serve as an illustration. During the year 1948–49, when the war with the Communists was at its height, membership of the catechetical schools was as follows:

	Boys	*Girls*
Junior schools	782	696
Middle schools	165	180
Senior schools	55	77
Young workers	123	293
	1125	1246

These are the figures for a Macedonian market town whose pre-war population scarcely exceeded 7,000. Even allowing for the fact that several hundreds of the children belonging to the catechetical schools in 1948–49 were refugees from the villages of the diocese, they show the astonishing development of these new Christian schools within a bare ten or eleven years.

Remarkable as these figures may seem they are by no means exceptional. All over Greece catechetical schools have sprung up as it were overnight and multiplied with incredible rapidity, despite the lack of
trained leaders. At Kilkis the metropolitan had the assistance of one [793]
priest-theologian. [illegible] the adjoining diocese of Siderokastro, where the
bishop had only a seminary-trained preacher to help him, and where

794 catechetical schools were in September, 1949, quite a recent innovation,
[162] membership of the schools, in a town considerably smaller than Kilkis,
had already risen to 957 and was increasing rapidly. In and around
[793] Salonica the number of catechetical schools under the supervision of
the Zoë Brotherhood rose from less than thirty in 1942 to 170 in 1949.

The catechetical school normally meets every Sunday, and the teaching is based on one of the two courses now in circulation—the first issued by the Zoë Brotherhood, the second (only recently published) by the official Home Mission. While the parallels with our own Sunday Schools and 'catechisms' are evident, these Greek schools have a character which is all their own. Particularly impressive is the stimulus which is given to the active apostolate of the laity. The children are from their earliest days encouraged to pull their weight in the life of the local *ekklesia*. At Verroia, in the spring of 1950, boys of nine were visiting the townsfolk and delivering letters from the *hierokeryx* of the metropolis. At Salonica, where the catechetical schools under the auspices of the Apostoliki Diakonia were normally directed by a student of the theological faculty of the university, the teacher would at the end of a lesson despatch his pupils, two by two, to call at the homes of any who through sickness or for some other cause had been unable to be present that day. When the defaulter was run to earth he would be given a brief *résumé* of the afternoon's lesson.

794 The catechetical schools form the base of an impressive structure
883 still in process of creation. In describing the Christian youth movements
that now flourish in almost every diocese of Greece I will start with those connected with the Zoë Brotherhood, which are the most important. The reader will recall that as early as 1877 Father Eusebius (then chaplain to the School of the Logos) was experimenting with small groups of young people and adults, and such *omades* have played an important part in the extension of his teaching and influence.

First, then, the movement known as *X.M.O.* (*Christianikai Mathetikai Omades*). This is made up of selected members of the catechetical schools between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. Its members try to bring others to the catechetical schools, to spread sound sacramental teaching, to distribute Christian publications and generally to set a high standard of conduct by their example. Each group consists of from fifteen to twenty members, meets once or twice a week and is led by an undergraduate (at any rate in Athens and Salonica).

These student-leaders are drawn from another youth organisation

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

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796 Of liturgical reform I have already had occasion to speak. Its primary
object is to enable the laity to participate more fully and intelligently
794 in the eucharistic action, through more frequent communion (Father
[783] Eusebius was himself in the habit of celebrating daily), and through
a greater 'openness' in the manner of celebrating the holy mysteries.
[214] In Athens and Salonica many people now follow the services in the little
manual of the Archimandrite Seraphim Papakostas—the popularity of which may be judged by the fact that it had reached its fifth edition by 1950. In general, where the new movements have exercised an effective influence, a high standard of liturgical propriety prevails, though it must be confessed that certain musical innovations of recent years have been unfortunate, to say the least.

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● 793 All the movements of which I have been speaking have remained
797 quite unofficial in character, though they have always carried out their work with the blessing of the ecclesiastical authorities and under the
[794] general supervision of the local bishop. There has of late, however, been a development of a rather different nature, so important as to demand brief consideration. This is what amounts to the refounding of a body known as the 'Apostolic Diaconate of the Church of Greece', which came into being as long ago as 1930. I do not propose to dwell upon its fortunes prior to its virtual reconstitution: suffice it to say that although great potentialities were latent in this organisation from the outset, its actual activity during the first fifteen years of its life was on a very small scale. It is directed by a council of members of the Holy Synod and professors of the theological faculty of the University of Athens under the presidency of the Archbishop, with Professor Basil Vellas as general director.

The aim of this official organisation is to systematise and co-ordinate the many-sided missionary activity now being undertaken throughout the length and breadth of Greece. In addition to its headquarters at Moni Petraki in Athens it has a local office in every diocese, and is assured of a basis of material resources by a system of annual diocesan contributions.

The possibilities inherent in such a venture are without question very great, and already much has been accomplished. A theological
[874] hostel and a school for preachers and confessors have been established at Moni Petraki: the latter promises to be of the greatest service in the

training of men for work in the provinces. The new movement has taken 793
up and extended almost every type of evangelistic work developed by 797
the voluntary associations. Its activity in the field of publishing has been [874]
particularly notable, and has been greatly extended by the setting up
of a modern printing press at Moni Petraki in December, 1951. The [213]
official journal of the Church of Greece as well as new periodicals for [204]
the parish clergy and for the family are printed on this press.

Amongst the projects which the Apostoliki Diakonia hopes to carry [874]
out within the next few years is the creation of a 'spiritual centre' just
outside Athens, which will include a training college for deaconesses, [794]
a hostel for girls studying in the theological faculty of the university,
and a model high school, all grouped about a church. Other model schools are to be set up in Tenos and Patras. Like the voluntary movements, the official Apostolic Diaconate supports preachers working in
the country dioceses and organises catechetical schools. It seems [794]
probable that many of the smaller voluntary movements that flourish
in the provinces will before long be absorbed by the official Home Mission with its centralised organisation and unrivalled material resources.

In the case of the more important voluntary associations, however, 794
the position is rather different. The Zoë Brotherhood, above all, now has a highly developed organisation peculiar to itself, and while the movement's ultimate aims are in no sense incompatible with those of the official Home Mission, it has acquired a very marked spirit and tradition of its own. Though the days when members of the brotherhood could be tried for false teaching and *kakodoxia* are long since past, and its preachers and confessors stand high in the estimation of the ordinary people, Zoë still has many bitter opponents. The brotherhood is still young and it would be surprising had it escaped altogether from the growing pains of youth. Not all of its members have been endowed with the surpassing gentleness and mature discretion of its founder; in denouncing the evils of the times they have sometimes shown a spirit that recalls Apostolos Makrákes rather than Father Eusebius.

The voluntary movements have, it must be confessed, borrowed [177]
somewhat unwarily from the west. Their influence in the field of
eikonography, for example, has been deplorable: the wonderful tradi- [532]
tions of the Greek Church have been utterly abandoned in favour of feeble imitations of the effete and secularised religious art of Latin Christendom. Here, at least, the Apostoliki Diakonia has set a most

XIII

TRAINING FOR THE MINISTRY 000

> For a priest ought not only to be pure, as being honoured with so great a ministry. He should also be very intelligent, and experienced in many affairs, and even equally skilful in all secular business with those who are engaged in it, while he must yet be more entirely detached from the love of it than anchorites who resort to the mountains.
>
> ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

> Let mariners learn astronomy; merchants' factors study arithmetic; surveyors get them geometry; spectacle-makers optic; landleapers geography; town-clerks rhetoric; what should he do with a spade, that hath no ground to dig; or they with learning that have no use of it?
>
> ROBERT BURTON
> *The Anatomy of Melancholy*

IN THE many-sided activity of the voluntary movements the parish clergy, with two or three distinguished exceptions, have as yet played little part. The whole weight of the burden has been borne by the laity and the celibate clergy. To-day, however, it is widely realised that the incalculable spiritual gains of the last two generations or so can be consolidated and made available for the whole of the Greek Church only through the patient labours of an enlightened and devoted parochial ministry: the function of the itinerant confessor, the lay theologian and the catechist is essentially complementary to that of the parish priest; it is upon the latter that the responsibility for the building up of the local church must ultimately rest. Hence the concern for the raising of the prevailing standards of clerical education which one finds among those who are most deeply concerned with the strengthening and purifying of Greek church life at the present time. 793 794

For it is not only in the westernised circles of Kolonaki and Kephissia that the word *papas* is liable to evoke a faintly contemptuous smile, nor is it the hostile critic of the Greek Church who most vehemently 773 871

793 871 bewails the ignorance of her parish clergy. In 1920 only 805 married priests, out of a total number of nearly 4,500, had received any education beyond that afforded by the elementary schools; and although matters have somewhat improved during the course of a generation, it must be admitted that, in the urban parishes at any rate, the level of clerical education has not risen in the same degree as among the generality of the people. The average parish priest is lamentably ill-equipped for meeting the assaults of rationalism or for coming to the aid of a young man troubled by intellectual difficulties: "But as for the Bulk of their Clergy", says Covel, ". . . I do positively assert that they are in general profoundly ignorant in these points; and not one of a thousand amongst the ordinary *Papas*, or common Priests, knows any thing of the matter." It is not, alas, always possible to conjure up at will a learned monk or lay theologian well grounded in the science of the schools.

It is possible, indeed, to exaggerate the evils of the prevailing system. In a country where small rural communities still predominate there is not a little to be said in favour of a priesthood of peasant-farmers and craftsmen. Whatever the deficiencies of his intellectual equipment, the Greek country parson is not separated from the people to whom he ministers by a different cultural background—as is so frequently the case in western Europe to-day.

Provided always that the priest's education is at least as good as that of the people to whom he is called to minister, the less it differs from theirs as to its general characteristics the better—at any rate in a country where Christianity is still a living tradition and education has not been secularised. During the long centuries of Turkish dominion, when "the ancient Structures and Colleges of Athens were become ruinous, and only a fit habitation for its own Owle, and all Greece poor and illiterate", the faith was preserved less through the learning of its champions (though even in the darkest days of oppression there were always a few theologians and monks to keep alive the traditions of Hellenic scholarship) than through the passionate devotion of a people, ill-instructed enough, but for whom all that was requisite to salvation was mysteriously set forth in the Church's liturgy, in the recurring cycle of feast and fast. "It is admirable", wrote Rycaut, "to see and consider with what Constancy, Resolution, and Simplicity, ignorant and poor men keep their Faith."

Notwithstanding considerations such as these, however, the fact

remains that the provision of a more adequate training for the parish 793
clergy is perhaps the most urgent problem which the Greek Church 871
has to face at the present time. Great efforts are already being made.
Nobody who was in touch with ecclesiastical affairs during the years [874]
which followed the occupation could fail to be impressed by the energy
with which the founding of new seminaries for the country clergy was pursued. The courage with which the problem was then tackled is already beginning to bear fruit in the mountain dioceses of Macedonia and elsewhere, but a vast amount of work remains to be done.

The reader will recall that the Greek parish priest must be at least 793
thirty years of age at his ordination. There is much to be said in support
of this rule; it does, however, together with the canons relating to 874
clerical marriage, raise very grave practical problems as to the training 873
of the clergy. These are particularly acute in the case of the so-called 'Hieratic Schools', seven of which were flourishing in 1950. These ecclesiastical boarding schools, normally with a priest-monk as director assisted by three or four lay theologians, are open to boys who have completed their course at an ordinary elementary school. A boy will normally remain at the hieratic school until he is eighteen or nineteen, but only a very small proportion of those who stay the course are eventually ordained. A few will decide against marriage and will be made deacons shortly after completing their studies—perhaps going on to the theological school at Athens or Salonica. These, however, form a small
minority, and very few of the remaining students will be ordained. [875]
Some will marry, and become teachers of theology or the classics in
secondary schools; some will attach themselves to episcopal households as secretaries or lay preachers. Far the greater number, however, drift into more or less secular occupations, and while it is doubtless admirable that there should be tobacco merchants and bank clerks who are not merely well grounded in theology but can quote Chrysostom and Nazianzen with as great a facility as any clerk in holy orders, it is understandable that the bishops should lament the fact that so few of those educated at the ecclesiastical secondary schools offer themselves for ordination.

It would seem that if the parish priest is to be given any theological 793
education over and above that which every Greek boy acquires in his
village school and in his home, he must be sent back to school after 874
following some secular calling for twelve years or more, or even after having been in orders for many years. Hence the establishment of the

793 874 'Ecclesiastical Seminaries' (*Ekklesiastika Phrontisteria*) some fourteen of which are now in existence. One of these, the Rizareion Ecclesiastical School at Athens, stands apart from the rest; it celebrated its centenary during the occupation and was for many years the sole institution of its kind in all Greece. Most of these seminaries, however, were founded within the last twenty years. The dioceses of Old Greece are now served by seminaries at Corinth, Patras and Pyrgos, in the Peloponnese, and at Lamia, Larissa and Volos. Crete has its own seminary. At Ioannina there is another older foundation, the *Hierodidaskaleion Vellas* (of which the present Archbishop of Athens was once director) which serves the whole of Epirus. The parish clergy of Thrace and eastern Macedonia can now attend courses at Xanthi (founded in 1945), at Aghia Anastasis in the Chalkidiki peninsula, or at Salonica, where there is a 'higher' seminary. Another post-war foundation at Kozani, in western Macedonia, may serve to illustrate the general characteristics of these training schools for country clergy. This seminary was subsequently transferred to Florina.

793 874 669 The Lower Ecclesiastical Seminary of the Metropolis of Kozani, as it was known locally, was founded in 1946, during the lull which followed the Varkiza agreement. The director was a lay theologian, a member of the Zoë Brotherhood, and the seminary was under the immediate supervision of the Metropolitan of Servia and Kozani. During the first few months after its foundation there were no fewer than ninety students in residence, drawn from several different dioceses. Many had to leave, however, as fighting became general during the course of the following year and the refugees again flocked to the towns. By the winter of 1948-49, when the situation in the country dioceses was at its worst and the whole parochial organisation threatened to collapse, only twenty-five students remained. With the suppression of the Communist sedition, and the return of some measure of security, the number slowly increased again, and by March, 1950 (when I last visited the seminary), it had risen to thirty-five.

793 874 Only three of these students were laymen, sent by their bishops to the seminary for a pre-ordination course—all three were over thirty years of age. The rest were parish clergy, some of whom had been in orders for many years. They had come not only from the diocese of Kozani but from many different districts of northern Greece. The dioceses along the western fringes of Macedonia—Grevena, Kastoria and Florina—were particularly well represented, but there were other

students from places as far distant as Drama and Katerini. A candidate 793
for the two-year course which the seminary provided must have reached
the fourth class of his elementary school: an event which in the case of 874
certain of the more venerable amongst these bewhiskered scholars
must have been more than a generation remote from their reappearance
in statu pupillari.

The programme of studies, as at all these lower seminaries, was
eminently practical and was related at every point to the peculiar
circumstances within which the Greek country parson exercises his
priestly ministry. It was grounded, as is fitting, "in the Book of books,
the store-house and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures,"
and, in particular, in the study of the text of the Gospels. The director
was assisted by another lay theologian, the preacher of the diocese.
Their lectures on the Bible, doctrine, catechising, the holy canons and
liturgical matters, were supplemented by instruction in the ecclesiastical chant (given by the chief singer of the metropolis), and by talks
on the rudiments of first-aid from a local doctor: for the country parson [750]
does not merely "condescend to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage";
he desires to be all to his parish, and "not only a pastor but also a
physician". A little medical knowledge does indeed constitute an [757]
invaluable addition to the skills of a country priest in a region where
the only known medicaments are aspirins and ouzo, and doctors are as [273]
rare as dissenters.

The seminary at Kozani was housed in a rambling, somewhat 874
dilapidated building adjoining the church of SS. Cosmas and Damian.
Its furnishing and equipment were simple in the extreme. Twice a day 346
the lecture-room was transformed into a refectory. The students slept
seven or eight to a room on straw mattresses laid on the bare boards,
and St. Benedict's maxim: *stramenta . . . sufficiant matta, sagum et lena et
capitale,* was observed by all alike.

The liturgical life of the seminary was centred in the church which 793
lies on the other side of the courtyard. The whole community assembled 796
twice daily to sing the divine office, and on Sundays and holy days the
liturgy was celebrated. Those amongst the students who lived within 874
easy distance of Kozani used to go home every Saturday and return on
Monday morning after celebrating the holy mysteries in their own parish
churches. They used also to go to their villages for the great festivals.
In other cases some temporary provision would be made for the parishes 793
concerned: the late Metropolitan of Grevena, for example, would allow
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5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

793 874 only one parish priest from each group of three inhabited villages to be away from his flock at any given time. In such circumstances it was not always possible for a priest to complete the full course at the seminary, and many had to be content with twelve months at Kozani.

Despite all these difficulties, however, the seminary had already, by the spring of 1950, established itself as a real centre of pastoral and liturgical teaching in the dioceses of western Macedonia, and its influence could be detected in several score of parishes dispersed throughout this barren region. [794] In remote hamlets of northern Pindos, catechetical schools were flourishing for the first time under the direction of a priest trained at Kozani. The holy sacrifice was being offered week by week with renewed fervour in many a village church; and there were not a few country parsons (not all of them young men) who had gone back to their parishes after spending two years at the seminary with a quickened realisation of the high dignity of their calling.

Not all the clergy, it is hardly necessary to add, are as yet fully convinced of the utility of the new training school. I well recall meeting one old gentleman who was highly indignant at his metropolitan's suggestion that he might profitably spend a year or two at Kozani, and who maintained with some heat that after thirty-three years in the sacred ministry he could learn only "from the Lord". There has been much hilarity in many a rural tavern that some grave *papas* should have been sent back to school for a couple of years. It will doubtless be a long time before these seminaries for parish clergy (which are still something of an innovation) win universal acceptance and approval, and it would be idle to pretend that they offer a wholly satisfactory solution to the problem of how best to train married priests not ordained till many years after they have completed their ordinary schooling.

The seminaries do, nevertheless, meet an urgent need, and it is to be hoped that they will exert an ever increasing influence upon the country dioceses of Greece, and will send forth into the villages a steady stream of true pastors—men who are not "witty, or learned, or eloquent, but *holy*"—for in Greece, as in other countries, that is perhaps the greatest need of all.

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[589] As I stressed in an earlier chapter, the Greek clergy fall into two sharply defined categories: on the one hand the married *papades*, on the

other the celibate clergy from whose ranks the chief ministers of the 793
Church are normally chosen. In the training of the former book- 874
learning plays but little part. The seminaries aim at providing no more [589]
than an elementary grounding in pastoralia for a race of craftsmen and peasant-farmers who, with few exceptions, are more at home with a plough than a pen, and are wholly unequipped for academic pursuits. The higher clergy, however, are almost invariably graduates, well versed in the disputations of the schools.

While the married clergy receive their training in the seminaries, the potential bishop is fashioned in the theological schools of the universities of Athens and Salonica. The theological faculty of the northern university was established only a few years ago. In former days many of the higher Greek clergy went to the theological academy at Halki, near Constantinople: a celebrated institution which, in the days of its prosperity, attracted students from every part of the Orthodox world. After the first world war, however, this sank to the level of a provincial seminary, and it is only in recent years (under the guiding hand of a new Oecumenical Patriarch) that it has regained something of its old prestige. Thus, the great majority of the present Greek bishops and archimandrites are graduates of the University of Athens.

In considering the place occupied by the theological schools of the universities within the framework of training for the ministry, it must not be forgotten that the clergy account for only a small proportion of the students of these faculties, far the greater number of whom are lay men and women (there are quite a few girls amongst the theological students of Athens and Salonica, and their number is steadily increasing). In the universities, moreover, as in the seminaries and the ecclesiastical [875]
schools, the majority of the teaching staff are laymen. The only cleric among the Athens professors—the Archimandrite B. Stephanides (whose *Ecclesiastical History* seems likely to be a standard work for every Greek student for many years to come)—retired in 1950 and was succeeded by a layman; while at Salonica likewise, only the professor of ecclesiastical history—an archimandrite who was formerly in charge of the Greek church in Paris—is in orders. Although the lay theologian has a long and distinguished ancestry in eastern Christendom and is often a man of deep spirituality, it can nevertheless be a trifle startling to hear a layman lecturing, to an audience which includes experienced priests and *pneumatikoi*, on the mystery of confession.

The university course normally lasts four years. The theology of the [177]

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793 874 177 schools is characterised for the most part by a somewhat arid academicism. During the nineteenth century a theologian who went abroad for post-graduate studies went almost as a matter of course to Germany; and, although this is no longer so, the shadow of Harnack still lies across the threshold of the theological school at Athens. "Berlin, Leipzig, Jena, Halle, etc.", wrote Dr. Adrian Fortescue in 1907, "are full of Greek students, who with the versatility of their race, very soon learn to talk German perfectly, and to think and argue about theological questions like German higher critics!"

779 177 874 Greek academic theology, though distinguished by great technical competence and erudition, and considerable familiarity with the critical work which one associates with the German schools of the latter part of last century, is largely deficient in those qualities which have made the work of certain Russian theologians of the diaspora of such absorbing interest for the western Christian. The Greek theologian, while he has benefited incalculably by his scientific training in the schools of Germany, has scarcely as yet been forced back upon his own proper tradition by the pressure of an alien environment. With few exceptions, moreover, he is curiously out of touch with recent tendencies in western theological thinking: often he seems to be a generation behind the times, unaware that critical theories no longer hold the field in the schools of Paris and Oxford—not to mention Geneva.

How long this state of affairs will last it is difficult to say. The present isolation is not hard to understand if one takes into account the effect of the war years and the lack of contact—even on the intellectual level—between the Greek professors and those Roman Catholic scholars whose work has been so important for the west during the past decade, and whose exchanges with certain Russian theologians have proved so mutually rewarding. It may well be that the links now being forged between Athens and Paris—and in particular with the Russian Academy of St. Sergius—are of crucial importance for the future. At present, it must be confessed, the transition from the theological climate of Orthodox Paris to that of the Athenian schools is apt to be somewhat disappointing to the Frankish *theologos* to whom a first glimpse of the wholeness of Orthodoxy has come as the revelation of a long-forgotten realm. The theology of the schools seems to be earthbound and wholly academic: a theology of the manuals which bears little relation to holy living.

779 794 The theoretical character of much contemporary Greek theology has

had regrettable consequences for the development of the new movements, 779
with which the theological schools have, in general, little vital 794
connexion—although more than one professor of the theological faculty 874
at Athens has played an important rôle in their work and organisation.
In many quarters—and especially, perhaps, within Zoë circles—a sense of the apparent irrelevance of this theoretical science to practical piety has given rise to an impatience with all theological questions. We must, it is said, be *practical*—and this theology of the schools is not practical; it is a theoretical science wholly unrelated to the urgent problems which are the daily concern of the preacher and the confessor. Such an attitude cannot but strike one as curiously out of place in an Orthodox *milieu* and is not without its dangers.

A few of the clergy go abroad to continue their studies after graduating 793
from the Greek theological schools. Many a young layman is sent to 177
western Europe or America for post-graduate study in the hope that upon his return to Greece he will offer himself for ordination; but a first acquaintance with ecclesiastical conditions very different from those to which he has been accustomed (particularly in the matter of the status of the married clergy and their field of activity) can easily have an unsettling effect upon the potential *despotes*, and it is not unknown for a young graduate, not conscious of a very definite call to the celibate life, to waver in his first resolve of becoming a priest, after two or three years in England or America.

Apart from the minority who go abroad after leaving the university, 793
the celibate clergy normally pass immediately to an episcopal household
without further study. Until quite recently there was nothing in Greece 874
comparable to the English theological college. Since the war, however,
there has been opened in Athens an establishment which approximates
in some measure to the English institution. This is the 'School for
Preachers' which is housed in the hostel of the Apostoliki Diakonia: a [346]
fine modern building occupying two sides of the quadrangle at Moni
Petraki and overlooking the garden of the British School of Archaeology.
Though completed some years ago, it was long requisitioned as a military [722]
hospital, and it was not until the early part of 1950 that the whole
building was made available to the Church.

The School for Preachers provides a two-year course of study
(primarily of a pastoral character) for men who have already graduated [794]
from the theological school of the university. In 1950 a considerable

793 number of the students were experienced preachers and confessors from
874 the provinces, but in the years to come they will normally consist in
794 the main of young graduates of the theological school. The primary
aim of this school is to equip priests (and lay theologians) for work in
the dioceses, and it promises to be of the greatest service to the Church
of Greece.

The same building serves as a hostel for theological students who live
at some distance from Athens and who would otherwise be dispersed
in lodgings (though some find a home in one of the hostels of the Zoë
793 Brotherhood). All the inhabitants—theological students as well as those
belonging to the School for Preachers—share a common life, with
874 morning and evening prayers, and meals taken together in the refectory
[177] on the coenobitic pattern. Now that the theological faculty of the
university is attracting students from Ethiopia and America, as well as
from the autocephalous Church of Cyprus, and the Apostoliki Diakonia
is offering generous hospitality to occasional Frankish visitors and a
student or two from the Russian Academy in Paris, this community
is fast acquiring an oecumenical character such as belonged to Halki
in the day of its fame.

The theological faculty at Salonica, as I mentioned earlier, is of recent foundation. Despite the difficulties of the times, however, it is now in full vigour and holds out very great promise to the sorely-tried and understaffed dioceses of northern Greece. It is greatly to be hoped that it will prove possible before long to set up at Salonica an institution similar to that now flourishing in Athens, and combining the functions of a post-graduate theological college and a hostel for theological students from the outlying provinces. Many of these students at present have some difficulty in maintaining themselves for the period of their studies, and comparatively few can be accommodated in the new hostel of the Zoë Brotherhood or in the little hostel maintained for several years in the face of tremendous material difficulties by the Apostoliki Diakonia of Salonica.

793 At present there is an acute shortage of educated clergy in these the
369 more remote provinces of Greece. Few dioceses have more than one
priest-theologian and in some *eparchiai* the metropolitan is single-
[783] handed. In such circumstances preaching and the mystery of penance
are inevitably much neglected. Not a few amongst the bishops of these
northern dioceses are advocates of some kind of 'direction' of the
educated clergy which would counteract the prevailing current which

sweeps away so inordinate a number of archimandrites to Athens and 793
its suburbs, leaving the mountain dioceses wretchedly short of trained 369
theologians.

It is interesting to note that the present Archbishop of Athens has recently been moved by the continuing shortage of clergy of all classes in the outlying districts of Greece to conscript from amongst the clergy of the Athens-Piraeus area a 'Sacred Company', consisting of fifty archimandrites, for a 'Spiritual Campaign' (*Pneumatikē Ekstrateia*) of a month's duration and covering the dioceses of Didymoteichon, Maroneia (Comotini), Drama, Serres, Siderokastro, Kilkis, Verroia, Edessa, Florina, Kastoria, Grevena and Naupaktos: 393 parishes in these dioceses were without a priest in September, 1951. It may well be that similar campaigns, and perhaps some kind of clerical conscription of a more permanent character, will be forced upon the Church if many of her children are not to be left without adequate spiritual guidance.

It is perhaps needless to add that the reader would be greatly deceived if he should suppose for one moment that Athens and its suburbs afford a refuge for idle drones of archimandrites who have from time to time to be dragged forth from their retreats by a stern archbishop, and packed off to the barren mountain dioceses of Macedonia for a month's hard work. Nothing could be farther from the truth: were there three times the present number of educated clergy in the Athens-Piraeus area there would yet be urgent tasks left undone for want of priests capable of tackling them. The Athenian archimandrite is the busiest of men, constantly in demand, not merely to serve on committees, but for preaching and confessing and real spiritual work.

In the country dioceses, nevertheless, the present situation is still
more serious; the shortage of educated clergy is even more acute. True,
the position is slightly better now than it was in 1949, when many a [722]
diocesan *hierokēryx* was somehow contriving to combine his already
arduous duties with those of an army chaplain, and others had had to
abandon their dioceses for a time in order to minister to isolated
mountain outposts, but it remains sufficiently disturbing. Many a
provincial 'saint' is acutely conscious of vital work still neglected, which
could be undertaken could he but command the services of a single
priest-theologian.

The Metropolitan of Kilkis, for example, charged with the care of
140 scattered communities, had only one priest qualified to assist him [794]
in the work of preaching and confessing the people; a priest already

● 793 burdened with the spiritual care of more than 2,000 children belonging
369 to the newly organised Christian Unions of the diocese and a score of
[794] isolated garrisons, yet contriving somehow to find time to train a group of young men and women to take charge of the village catechetical schools when the time came for the refugees to return to their homes.

Is it any wonder that in such circumstances the shepherd of one of these mountain flocks will sometimes persuade himself that the populous cities of the south have more than their rightful share of the educated clergy, and picture them as a pleasant haven from the chill blasts that sweep his own desolate pastures; a place where university men "tarry out their time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used; or, as so many candles, illuminate themselves alone, obscuring one another's light . . . the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light and be seen over all."

793 Much will depend upon the success of the strenuous efforts now being
871 made to raise the prevailing standards of education among the country
369 clergy and to increase the number of priest-theologians available for work in urban parishes and as assistants to the provincial metropolitans. So far as the village clergy are concerned, the lower seminaries do, on the whole, meet the needs of the present situation tolerably well. The system whereby the pastor of a small rural community is normally chosen by the village elders ensures that the mountain *papas* is a man of good character and reputation, often the natural leader of the community. The Greek country parson has little need of book-learning, and a lengthy academic training would be wasted upon him.

793 With the parish clergy of the towns the position is less satisfactory.
369 The urban parish priest does not always command that universal respect
[554] and affection normally enjoyed by his rural colleague. This is not to say that the clergy of the towns are credited with any of the more spectacular vices. The Greek bishop is not compelled to exercise an unsleeping vigilance to ensure that his priests and deacons do not "being drunk bellow in the streets; or what is worse, in their drink whoop and hollow in the church; or read the church service in a double tone . . . that their upper dress though plain be clean, and not one black and another red; that they walk not in a dronish lazy manner, nor lie down to sleep in the streets; nor tipple in brandy houses and alehouses, nor boast the strength of their heads in drinking at entertainments." Such deplorable failings (though apparently regrettably prevalent in the Russia of Peter the

Great) cannot be said to characterise the Greek clergy of the present day. 793

It is, however, frequently asserted that the town clergy are for the 369
most part ill-educated, worldly, idle, more concerned with fees than
with spiritual things; and, while there are, happily, many and notable [871]
exceptions to such generalisations, it must be confessed that there is
some truth in these charges. The education of many of the urban pastors
is woefully inadequate, and a lamentably small proportion of those
educated in the ecclesiastical schools—and to whom, one might suppose,
the Church would turn in recruiting her ministry for the urban parishes
—seem ready to offer themselves for ordination.

This leakage is in part explained by the late canonical age for ordination, but the reluctance of many well-educated men to become parish priests is also due in no small measure to the precarious economic
situation of the clergy. "Our diocese", a Greek bishop wrote to me in [465]
1949, "lacks educated clergy . . . no eagerness is to be observed on the
part of the laity to attain to the priestly office, on account of the poor,
indeed ridiculous stipend which is at present paid to the clergy." Other [178]
causes of this lack of eagerness may be discerned in the style of dress, the
untrimmed hair and beard, and general manner of life which custom [794]
continues to demand of the clergy (and which are often thoroughly
distasteful to the young graduate of the ecclesiastical school), as
well as in the abundant opportunities open to the lay theologian. It is,
perhaps, hardly surprising that the provision of educated priests to
serve in the urban parishes of Greece is a matter which in the eyes of
the ecclesiastical authorities is of absolutely primary importance at the
present time, and which is receiving the most serious consideration.

XIV

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THE HISTORY OF A COUNTRY PARSON

> So great was his sanctity while a shepherd, that he was thought worthy of being made a pastor of men: and having been assigned the bishopric of one of the cities in Cyprus . . . on account of his extreme humility he continued to feed his sheep during his incumbency of the bishopric.
>
> SOCRATES
> *Ecclesiastical History*, I, xii

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159 793 [191] IN 1892, scarcely more than a decade since the day when the blue and white ensign of the Kingdom of the Hellenes had replaced the crescent of the infidel over the citadel at Trikkala, the wife of the village carpenter in an obscure hamlet amongst the mountains to the westward of Kalambaka gave birth to a son. The carpenter and his family dwelt in a substantial stone house a few paces beyond the village square, where a great plane tree overshadowed the church, dedicated in honour of the Egyptian anchorite Bessarion. Like many families in northern Pindos they spoke not only Greek but also the language of the Tsintsars, the Koutso-Vlachs who come down from the high pastures every autumn with their flocks and herds to winter in the Thessalian plain.

438 159 793 Like their neighbours at Palaiochori the Photis family (for so the carpenter was named) was virtually independent of the world that lay beyond the mountains. They owned a few sheep and goats; the *Kyria* Photis and her daughters spun their own yarn and wove the strong indigo cloth which was made up into *sarka* and *palto* for men and women alike. There was home-baked bread, goats' milk cheese and *yiaourti*, and an occasional lamb roasted on a spit to celebrate a festival; an abundance of rough red wine and the fiery ouzo which gladdens the heart of the traveller when the snow lies deep in Pindos. From time to time the carpenter would saddle his pack-animals and make an expedition to Trikkala, returning with an axe or a set of chisels, and dried figs for the children.

159 793 [792] Constantinos, as the carpenter's son was duly christened, began to go to the village school when he was seven. Long before this time,

however, he was familiar with the mysterious drama which was enacted 159
week by week in the little church of St. Bessarion. Sunday by Sunday, 793
festival by festival, the people of Palaiochori—the carpenter (who had 796
a fine voice and was also the chief *psaltes*); his wife and daughters; Makroiannis, who presided over the tavern; the *Kyria* Andromache, who always stood before the royal doors when Papa Athanasi read the gospel of the resurrection at the end of mattins; Papa Demosthenes, who had fought in the old wars and had seen innumerable wonders, had been to America and visited the holy mountain of Athos—all were caught up for a brief space into the life of the heavenly Jerusalem and joined their praises to those of the saints who looked down on them from wall and eikonostasis.

The carpenter's son learned by heart many of the great psalms and hymns of the Church: long passages from the Gospels and from the Old Testament prophecies which were read on the eves of great festivals and during Holy Week. As he grew older and learned to read he would stand among the singers who crowded round the two lecterns every Sunday, and sometimes the parish priest would allow him to climb up the steps of the bishop's throne that stood on the south side of the church and sing the Epistle from a tattered volume printed at Venice towards the end of the eighteenth century. On the eve of a festival he would come running from the saw-mill or his father's workshop when Papa Athanasi clanged the two bells which hung in the branches of the plane tree beside the church, to take his place among the singers. He learned to find his way about the complicated service-books and to sing the ecclesiastical chant with a confidence which rivalled that of the chief *psaltes* himself.

When Costas left school he went to work with his father. He was 159
already well versed in the rudiments of his trade, and by the time he was 793
called to the colours in 1913 he was a proficient craftsman. He served in the army for three years and had two further spells of soldiering—from 1917 to 1919, and again, in the disastrous campaign in Asia Minor, from 1921 to 1923—before, released from the army at last, he came home to Palaiochori and married a girl from the neighbouring village of Krania. The marriage was blessed with three children: two boys, born in 1924 and 1934, who were christened Leonidas and Athanasius respectively, and a daughter born in 1931.

Meanwhile there was work enough for the village carpenter besides begetting children; even when he was not at his bench there was ground

159 793 to be tilled and seed to be sown and a score of sheep to be cared for, as well as an occasional expedition to Trikkala. Fourteen years slipped by: there were good harvests and bad; once a blight fell on the vineyards and once the bishop rode out from Trikkala and preached in the village church where, since the death of his father, Constantinos Photis had been the chief singer. The people of Palaiochori heard few sermons; they worked and prayed, sinned and repented; danced in the square on warm Sunday afternoons and argued about the doings of the great world beyond the mountains as they sipped their ouzo in the village tavern.

In 1937 the parish priest died. The elders of the village debated the question of a worthy successor—and who more suitable than the carpenter, Constantinos Photis? A man universally respected among his fellows for his uprightness and integrity; who knew the intricacies of the Venetian service-books with a familiarity such as could come only from long experience. Polycarp, Metropolitan of Trikka and Staghi, willingly acquiesced in the village's choice of a pastor, and Constantinos Photis, the carpenter, went off one day to Trikkala (after a short stay in a nearby monastery) and returned clad in black gown and *kalymmafchion* as 'Papa Costas'. Back in Palaiochori, life went on much as before. The village priest now wore a cassock of the same indigo homespun in which he had been clad from infancy. There was the same pattern of feast and fast, of eucharist and office; and though an occasional wedding or funeral now broke the regular rhythm of the carpenter's life and the former *psaltes* had a different liturgy to perform on Sundays and holy days, it was one with whose least detail he had long been familiar. The tools in the workshop were not permitted to rust, and the vegetables and the vines, the twenty sheep and the pigs, needed no less attention now that their owner wore a cassock and addressed his wife as *Papadia.*

159 793 648 722 Early in 1941 the Germans poured into Greece. For many months the mountain villages of Pindos, remote from the lines of communication, were scarcely affected by the occupation which, even at that period, brought such acute suffering and privation to the townsfolk and to the villages of the plains. As guerrilla activity became increasingly widespread, however, German and Italian troops were employed in a series of reprisal raids upon the undefended villages lying north and south of a road which connects the Thessalian plain with Epirus by way of the Metsovo pass.

One day early in November, 1943, several hundred soldiers descended upon Palaiochori. The people fled to the forest and watched helplessly 159 while the invaders set fire to their homes and slaughtered their animals. 793 When at length they withdrew the whole valley was shrouded in smoke: the incendiaries had done their work only too thoroughly. The church 648 of St. Bessarion—the most prominent building in the village—had been 722 amongst the first to be set on fire. When Papa Costas and a few companions ventured down from the mountainside to make a cautious reconnaissance they found nothing save the blackened walls and a great pile of charred timbers. The school, just below the parish church, was likewise completely gutted, and more than forty of the village's seventy-odd houses were irreparably damaged. The parsonage, a somewhat more substantial edifice than most of its neighbours—a monument to the professional skill of its builder—had resisted the first attempts of the incendiaries, and before the flames had thoroughly obtained a hold Papa Costas and his sons had come scrambling down from amongst the trees, and the building—though badly damaged—was not utterly destroyed. Amongst the smoking ruins of another cottage was found the body of an old woman who had been unable to make good her escape. Every animal in the village had been slaughtered.

After this catastrophe the people of Palaiochori took refuge in Kalambaka—already crammed with refugees from a score of similarly stricken villages—and there, in the shadow of the great rocks, they remained until 1945. In January and February of that year they went 159 back to the village that had become a wilderness. During the first 793 few months after their return home there was tremendous activity at the sawmill and in Papa Costas' workshop. No sooner had a sufficient 727 number of cottages been rendered habitable than the parish priest turned his attention to the church. With the assistance of his elder son and a score of willing if unskilled helpers, the requisite timber was cut and shaped; and soon—though the church was without vestments and Papa Costas had with difficulty been able to procure copies of a few of the most indispensable liturgical books—there was at least a roof to the building and it was no longer necessary for the people to stand for long hours without protection against wind and snow whilst the holy mysteries were celebrated. Then the school was re-roofed, and as summer gave place to autumn the regular pattern of village life began to reassert itself—though Papa Costas no longer had twenty sheep and there were no more than three pack-animals available for the whole community.

But security was short-lived. The following year brought wandering [669]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

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VII Constantinos Photis

[facing p. 158]

159 bands of *andartai* and rumours of terrible deeds wrought in the darkness
● 793 of long winter nights. In August, 1946, the parish priest of Palaiochori received warning that the Communists planned to murder him as a
727 'traitor'. Papa Costas fled for the second time within less than three
669 years to Kalambaka. There, at the foot of the limestone cliffs crowned by the hermitages of the ascetics of Staghi, he built a little *kalyva*: a wooden cottage consisting of a single room and a large porch.

Before many months had passed, the whole village was back in the comparative security of Kalambaka, and the mountains were given over to the Accursed of God. Papa Costas and his family (all except Leonidas, who had gone off to the wars) settled down in their new house and the younger boy began to attend the overcrowded school. There were many other refugee clergy in the town: not from the diocese of Trikka and Staghi alone but also from many of the villages lying to the north and west of Kalambaka towards the *comopolis* of Grevena.

The second period of exile lasted until October, 1949. As a refugee
[465] priest, Papa Costas was entitled to a monthly stipend of 175,000 dr. (the equivalent of a little more than four pounds sterling) and the usual refugee rations of flour, sugar, etc.; but there was no ground to be tilled, no sheep or goats, no fees from baptisms or weddings to supplement the meagre wages of a 'fourth-class priest'. There was, however, some slight measure of security in Kalambaka, with its garrison and its communications, and Papa Costas' wife and daughter wove gaily coloured rugs, and adorned the little house with lace and tins of basil until any craftsman might have rejoiced in his handiwork.

*

The defeat of the Communists at Florina early in 1949 marked the turning point in the seemingly interminable struggle against an enemy who, when defeated, could always withdraw beyond the northern frontiers of Greece to lick his wounds and build up his strength for another assault. During the summer months the wild region that lies to the westwards of Kalambaka was laboriously combed by units of the Greek army, and in October Papa Costas led the first party of returning refugees back to Palaiochori. His daughter and his younger son remained behind, however, in order that the boy might complete his studies at the high school, and it was in Kalambaka in January, 1950, that we first encountered our country parson.

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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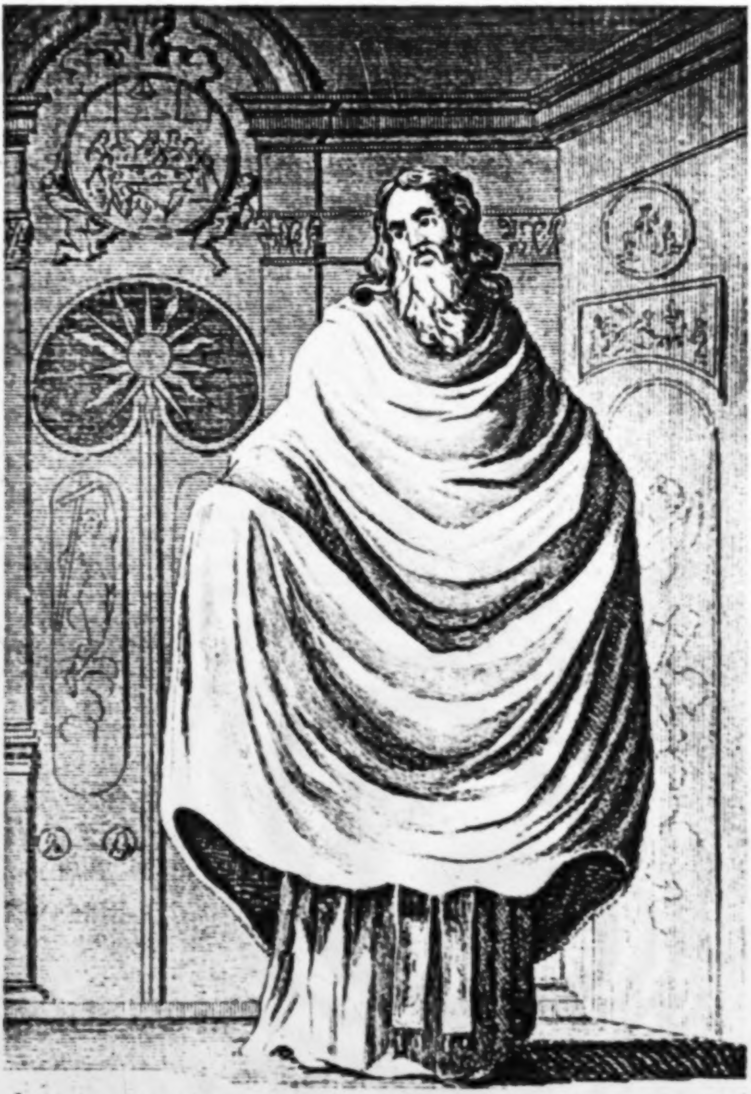

VIII The phelonion

[facing p. 159]

THE HISTORY OF A COUNTRY PARSON

He had set out from Palaiochori at half-past two that morning, and 123
with the moon often obscured by clouds and with drifts of snow lying 793
deep in places, it was well past ten before he reached the town. We had taken refuge from the bitter winds that scoured the valley of the Peneios and brought sudden flurries of snow down the pass from the mountains above Metsovo, in one of the dimly lighted taverns that open off the main street, and were deep in conversation with the president and schoolmaster from a village away to the north-eastward of Kalambaka when Papa Costas arrived. We shared a further bottle of ouzo and he invited us to lunch in his cottage.

He had come down, he told us, to do some shopping, and was off to Trikkala the next morning. He would return to Palaiochori early the following day. Why did we not come with him and see with our own eyes the ruined villages of Pindos? Mitsos—a cousin, we subsequently discovered—would be in Kalambaka with the remaining animals the next evening and there would be mounts to spare if we would come. We were not afraid of *katsapliades*? We fairly jumped at the suggestion—*katsapliades* indeed! I sat down there and then and addressed a hasty note to the Lord Theokletos, Metropolitan of Grevena, which was carried off by Athanasi and put aboard the afternoon bus to Trikkala, informing him that I should be several days later in reaching his diocese on the fringes of Macedonia than I had supposed. We laid our plans for the journey, and the light was failing as we set out to climb to the monastery of St. Stephen where we were expected that evening.

Two days later we left the monastery at daybreak: all the monks were ill, and, since Basil was away in Trikkala, we had ourselves to unbar the massive doors that open on to the encompassing abyss. Forty minutes after leaving St. Stephen we were breaking our fast at Papa [262]
Costas' cottage: scraps of pork, bread soaked in oil, cognac and retsina. Our priest-carpenter had brought back from Trikkala a great saw, and a pig to be fattened against the following winter. The pig, despite loud [492]
protestations, was tied up in a sack and slung from his owner's saddle:

"He has a splendid voice—we must make a *psaltes* of him when we get him back to Palaiochori."

We led our horses out along the Metsovo road. Papa Costas' niece, [484]
Katina, had been staying at the 'town-house' for the festival and was returning with her uncle to Palaiochori. On the outskirts of Kalambaka we overtook a party of homeward-bound refugees, their beasts heavy-laden with bedding and great copper pans. A little way out of the town

123 793 484 we abandoned the road and struck across the valley towards the river Peneios. The water lapped about our horses' bellies as we forded the swiftly flowing stream, and the potential *psaltes* had a ducking and screeched in muffled protest. Amongst the low hills beyond the river the going was far from easy, and several times we were obliged to dismount and lead our slithering beasts across some particularly difficult stretch of terrain.

[342] About eleven o'clock—soon after we had left the dilapidated cottages and recently rebuilt church of Vanakoulia to our left—we halted outside what had evidently once been a substantial stone house, but which had been burned down and only lately repaired by means of rough-hewn timbers supporting sheets of corrugated iron thrown across the ruins. Here lived Father Constantinos' godparents: well advanced in years and in wisdom, with four sons serving in the army. We broached the cognac and warmed ourselves at the hearth, while the old lady opened [262] one of the wooden chests that lined the tottering walls and brought out walnuts and the golden apples in which this part of Thessaly abounds.

Setting out again a little before noon we descended from the ridge crowned by the ruins of Vanakoulia, and turned eastwards up the boulder-strewn bed of the Aspropotamos. Throughout the rest of the day we journeyed in a desolate landscape of bleached plane trees and white stones, ground and polished by the melting snows; picking our way amongst the boulders of water courses or leading our beasts delicately along narrow paths—mere scratches in the face of the rock—winding high above the torrents and the frozen pools, the long snowy ridges of Pindos far above us.

123 793 [875] It was nearly dark when we reached Palaiochori. Mitsos stabled the tired beasts, and the exhausted *psaltes*—long past speech or feeling—was tipped out of his sack into a pile of straw where he lay motionless. Papa Costas led the way upstairs to the living quarters of his parsonage where we were welcomed by his *papadia* and the schoolmistress, a young girl lately come from Ioannina. We supped sitting tailor-wise before the fire, and soon afterwards the women brought in piles of rugs, Papa Costas divested himself of his outer *rason*, and, commending ourselves to the protection of the all-merciful God and of His saints, we all lay down on the floor and were asleep in a twinkling.

[262] [346] In the morning, after breaking our fast with a glass of cognac and a few walnuts, we went to see the church of St. Bessarion. Papa Costas, Mitsos and the churchwardens accompanied us. The interior of the

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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little church was a melancholy sight: the stone eikonostasis had survived 123
the fire but every trace of woodwork had perished. Our priest-carpenter 793
had just completed two new lecterns for the singers and an episcopal
throne: there was plenty of work to be done as soon as Leonidas—who [346]
had been discharged from the army with wounds in both hands—was
home again and fit to return to his trade.

We went on to the school where sixty-four ragged children were 123
huddled round a smoking stove. There had been no teacher in the 727
village between the first and second periods of exile; the schoolmaster, 872
we were told, had disappeared in 1946 and nothing had been heard of
him since. Had he gone to the mountains, we asked? Nobody knew— [793]
he had disappeared. Kleoniki Zambra, the girl we had met the previous
evening, had just been sent to reopen the village school. The windows
of the building—roughly re-roofed by the priest and his sons—were
blocked with stones and cardboard from packing cases which had
contained powdered milk; light was an altogether secondary consideration
when warmth was in question.

"Last Friday", the *didaskalissa* assured us, "it was so cold that the children cried aloud and we were obliged to give up." There seemed to be no books or slates or paper—there was indeed no equipment of any description save for the stove and a few wooden benches—but the school was again performing its liturgy, and the whole village was conscious that an important step had been taken along the road that led back from the anarchy and insecurity of a decade of war towards the halcyon days which none of the children who crowded the schoolhouse that January morning was capable of recalling.

Time and time again as I travelled about the ruined villages of Pindos
during that terrible winter of 1949–50 it was brought home to me how
essential an element the school constitutes in the pattern of Greek
village life. Almost invariably the first thought of the returning refugees,
once they had succeeded in improvising some temporary shelter from
wind and snow, was for the church and the school. They would rest
content with the most wretched living quarters, provided only that the [793]
house of God were decently furnished and their children were receiving
regular instruction; but a village without a priest and a schoolmaster
was a village only in name.

Urquhart arrived in Metsovo astride the sagacious Aristotle, in the 727
summer of the year 1830, to find that mountain township in a state of 872
the utmost panic and alarm: the houses barricaded, the sheep, cattle

727 floor of the village president's cottage with a great fire burning at our
346 feet. The parish priest had been awaiting us in the square, and after I
had photographed the ruins of the church he rang the great bell which
[123] hung from the branches of a plane tree and the whole community
gathered to sing the first vespers of the feast of St. Athanasius the Great,
[796] in a chapel which had been disused for generations and had only been
repaired since the return of the refugees the previous autumn. No more
than forty families had as yet found their way back to the village and
the destruction was very great. The next morning it was raining heavily
and the mud lay so deep in the tiny chapel that planks had to be laid
down to facilitate the movements of the celebrant.

727 Papa Georgios Papageorgiou was himself a native of Chrysomelia.
He had been ordained in the early days of the war after living for a
● 793 time in the monastery of St. Stephen on the windy heights above
[346] Kalambaka. His first parish had been wiped out of existence by the
Germans, and now the Lord Cherubim, Metropolitan of Trikka and
Staghi, had sent him to this ruined hamlet, deep in the folds of Pindos.
[342] He lived with his 'priestess' and their four children in a wretched
hovel roofed with corrugated iron a little way below the church and,
in the absence of a schoolmaster, was himself acting as a temporary
727 *didaskalos*.

346 We spent a night at the village of Vanakoulia on our way back to
[872] Kalambaka. When we arrived the whole population seemed to be
engaged in the task of setting up a school in the narthex of the church:
a severe structure only lately completed. Over the doorway was set a
[211] rough inscription in rustic Greek commemorating the destruction of
[457] the church by the Germans and its subsequent rebuilding by the
inhabitants—aided, as we later discovered, by generous gifts from
relatives in America.

DESTROYED BY GERMANS

1943

REBUILT

AT THE EXPENSE OF THE INHABITANTS

JUNE 1949

THE HISTORY OF A COUNTRY PARSON

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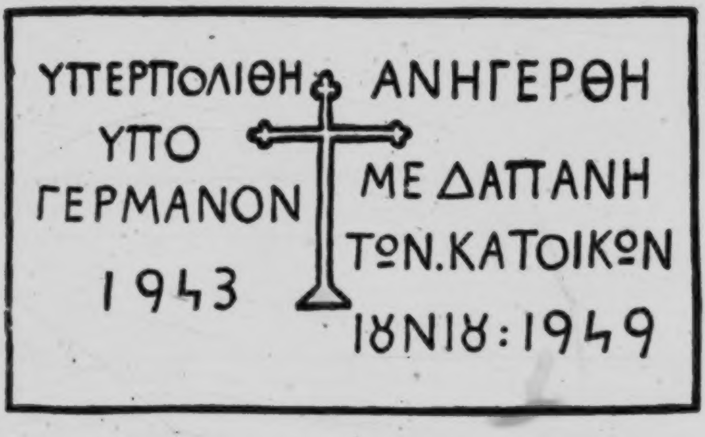
[211]



About eighty of the 200-odd houses in the village had been destroyed. The old school-house was a total ruin and would have, in due course, to be rebuilt from its very foundations. The church of St. Menas had been reopened, and the desks and benches which had arrived a few days earlier had been stacked in the narthex. There was tremendous excitement in the village at the prospect of the reopening of the school. [872] The schoolmaster, who was directing operations when we arrived, had 875 just been released from the army. He proved to be the son of the proprietor of the largest store in Kalambaka. Needless to say, the 123 unexpected advent of the *xenoi* caused all work to be abandoned for the afternoon, and half the village accompanied us to the church. The priest, a young man named Antony, was in a sanatorium near Athens. [793] For the time being his place had been taken by a refugee *papas* from the diocese of Grevena.

The evening brought torrents of rain. We slept at the house of one of the churchwardens and set out for Kalambaka the following morning. [484] The *epitropoi* insisted on accompanying us as far as the river, as they feared lest the Peneios, swollen by the heavy rains, should prove difficult to ford. Fortunately, their anxieties were excessive, and shortly after midday on the feast of St. Euthymius the Great we rode briskly into Kalambaka. My mule, smarting under a sense of outraged propriety at its Frankish rider's use of an umbrella (borrowed from the village president at Vanakoulia) as an instrument of coercion, eyed the

123 inhabitants malevolently. As we dismounted outside the cottage of Papa Costas we were greeted by a score of old friends headed by Basil the resourceful, just descended from Aghios Stephanos and bound for Trikkala to negotiate some delicate piece of monkish diplomacy. Papa [252] Costas' daughter and two cousins from Trikkala were bent over their sewing, and a dish of bean soup simmered on the stove.

123 513 Boris bade us farewell that afternoon and set out for Larissa, whence he would travel southwards the following day to sunny Attica and the populous cities: back to that strange, mad world where men spent their days poring over antique folios and writing solemn dissertations; effeminate creatures who slept at night between linen sheets and pillowed in soft down, clad in ridiculous garments fit only for infidels: not indiscriminately, men and women together, upon the hard earth, snugly rolled in warm rugs beside a roaring fire; a pampered and degenerate race.

123 As the sun went to his rest that evening amongst the snows of Pindos I sat for the last time amidst the ascetics of the Thebaid of Staghi and related the strange and terrible things that we had seen [252] during the past few days, while Father Anthimos boiled some eggs in an empty salmon tin, the stylite cats lurked in the shadows, and old Papa Iannis stroked his venerable beard and murmured an occasional *Kyrie eleison!*

*

● 793 The country parson of Pindos, writes an early nineteenth-century traveller, displays a truly primitive simplicity. He is at once the director, adviser, friend and companion of those who till the same fields or pursue the same occupations as himself. The unaspiring *papas*, endued, as it were,

> . . . in spite of his ignorance with an evangelical instinct, sympathised with the sorrows and shared in the joys of his people, and abandoning himself to them, made up for any deficiency of ecclesiastical dignity by a fraternal affection which was rendered doubly dear by the misfortunes and misery of those on whom it was bestowed. In the evening, when the labours of the day were finished, the pastor of the mountain assembled with his parishioners at one of their unadorned chapels on the hills. . . . On the festival and the feast, when

the service of the morning was concluded, he joined with enthusiasm in all their gaiety and rejoicings; he had his seat at their festive board and his place in the evening dance, nor did his hilarity and mirth render him less dear, or less venerated in the eyes of those who had yet to learn that cheerfulness was sin, and that ascetic melancholy alone was suited to the dignified sobriety of Christianity! 793

Several years have passed since Papa Costas and Spyridon Oikonomides, the *epitropos*, stood in the village square and waved farewell; 727 the isolated hamlets of northern Pindos have suffered prolonged and untold hardship, for the process of reconstruction and recovery is inevitably a slow one. Occasional letters reveal the continuing scarcity of the bare necessities of life and the unremitting struggle to restore a disrupted economy. At Palaiochori the ground is again under cultivation, Leonidas is back at his bench, and the church of St. Bessarion bears eloquent witness to the skill of the village carpenter and his elder son.

The passage of time has done little to efface the memory of that journey to the silent depths of Pindos: the chapel at Kato Perlangion, the whole community gathered for the evening office, the candles hissing and spluttering as the rain dripped from the roughly patched roof; Papa Athanasius, the parish priest of Chrysomelia with its golden fruit and shattered dwellings, beside the desecrated altar where for a quarter of a century he had pleaded the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, a silent multitude of men and boys bare-headed in the snow; Nicolas Kokoravas the many-tongued, like one of the patriarchs of the old dispensation, amongst his children and his children's children in their dilapidated dwelling in the midst of the rushing torrents and the frozen pools; the whitewashed cottage beneath the towering cliffs of Staghi, with its tins of sweet basil and its gay Vlach rugs, a lamp burning in a corner before the eikons of the Lord Christ and His saints; and Papa Costas—village carpenter and minister of the holy and ineffable mysteries—at the head of a winding column of pack animals, threading his way amidst the polished boulders.

mingling strangely with the merchants and tobacco-workers who 361
throng the quays and sip ouzo outside the taverns which sprawl against 292
the low cliff below the old Turkish quarter of the town. Here, under the 792
canvas awnings, one may meet the visitors at close quarters; one may
discern the strange aroma, redolent of incense, garlic, fish, tar, resin,
the smoke of candles and the salt Aegean, which clings to their garments
and persons, defying analysis. Here too the careful observer
may note the unwonted mingling of ecclesiastical and nautical attire
which characterises these monastic seafarers: a black gown parted to
reveal a rope-girt cassock and sea-boots; the cuff of the seaman's
jersey peeping from beneath the monkish robe. These seafaring monks
from Athos are a race apart, rarely to be seen among ordinary mortals [262]
save on the wind-swept quay at Salonica, supervising the discharge of
a cargo of timber, or munching sour herbs soaked in lemon in the
harbourside taverns at Cavalla.

To the casual beholder, however, the ordinary Greek ecclesiastic 793
is no less plainly a man set apart from other men. Whatever may have 178
come to be sanctioned in the outward garb of Orthodox clergy ministering
to congregations in America or western Europe, a rigid conservatism [292]
prevails throughout the length and breadth of Greece. Here, at least,
far from the corrupting influence of the Frank, the holy canons are
faithfully observed. This is true above all of those which relate to the 793
use of (or, rather, abstinence from) razor and scissors: the notion 178
lingers on that in the divine economy there is some mysterious connexion
between the orthodoxy of an ecclesiastical personage and the 302
length of his beard; a beardless bishop would be unthinkable. "All the
Greek Ecclesiasticks", observes a seventeenth-century traveller, "count
it a great Glory to have store of Hair on their Crown, and all about their
Ears, as well as on their Beards; and many old Monks, Hermits, and
Anchorets, have I seen at Athos and elsewhere with their Hair both
very thick and very long." And Mandeville tells us that "the Grekis
also seye, that wee synne dedly, in schavynge oure Berdes. For the
Berd is tokene of a Man, and gifte of oure Lord." This fidelity to the
letter of the canons and to immemorial custom gives the Greek cleric
a sufficiently distinctive appearance. The *papas* with his straggling 793
beard, his hair gathered up in a bun and his tall *kalymmafchion*, is a 292
familiar and accepted figure in all strata of Greek society.

The outdoor habit of all the clergy, from the "Prelates and topping [302] [792]

793 Ministers" down to the simple monk, is substantially identical. It
292 consists of an inner *rason* (corresponding to the western cassock), very
[792] long and with narrow sleeves, often—but not invariably—belted at the waist. This is essentially an undergarment, and this it was that the metropolitan of a Macedonian diocese presumably had in mind when he returned some patterns of heavy black serge, which had been sent to him for inspection, with the comment that the cloth would be most suitable for making "warm winter underwear" for his clergy. Over it is worn a fuller gown with wide sleeves: the outer *rason*. The latter is always of black stuff but the inner *rason* may be of various colours. Purple and dark blue are often favoured by the higher clergy, while in
[792] the monasteries a grey cassock made of very light material is frequently worn. One abbot of my acquaintance (a resourceful and many-sided character) is accustomed to appear on Sundays and holy days decked in the purest crimson—a splendid sight for eyes grown weary of the joylessness of English clerical attire—while on lesser days he wears a fur-lined outer *rason* (if the season be chill) over a cassock of russet. Among a nation of individualists it would indeed be remarkable if
[183] one did not from time to time stumble upon minor sartorial eccentricities on the part of the clergy. These divergences from the norm of unchanging custom are never, however, of so radical a nature as to obscure the ecclesiastical character of their author. In Greece the priest and the monk are marked men, instantly recognisable to all.

793 I have already referred to the distinctive form of headgear in use
792 among the Greek clergy. This is simply a cylinder of stiffened cloth about nine inches in height, most commonly known as the *kalymmaf-*
292 *chion*. That worn by the married clergy is *surmounted* by a narrow brim, but the monastic form, sometimes called a *skouphos*, is brimless. In Greece all the bishops as well as monastic clergy not actually residing in a regular community, wear the former type of *kalymmafchion*. Over this, on formal occasions, a bishop or an archimandrite will wear a long black veil known as the *epanokalymmafchion*. This, however, forms part of the monastic habit, and consequently is never worn by the secular clergy. In the monasteries a soft cap often takes the place of the more formal *kalymmafchion*, though, unlike the Russians, the Greek monks do not venture abroad thus attired. Dr. Covel notes, somewhere in his journals, that on Athos the priests and deacons knit their own caps.

792 An English visitor to the monastery of Megaspelaion in 1829, the
292

milordos Thomas Alcock, comments unfavourably on the attire of the 792
monks: "the want of neatness in the persons of these people", he 292
remarks, "is too conspicuous", a failing our traveller denounces as one of the sure consequences of "an unnatural and unsocial life". Thomas Alcock, it is hardly necessary to add, found the mode of life and habits of Greek monks "little agreeable". "They flatter themselves", he writes, "that their recluse life places them out of the way of the vanities and vices of the world; but it may be doubtful if this retirement does not produce even more disgusting effects than any it may remove." Whatever may have been the condition of the monks of Megaspelaion in 1829, certainly to-day the great poverty which afflicts many of the surviving communities is sufficient explanation of some want of neatness in their members.

The costume which I have thus briefly described, inner and outer 793
rason and the appropriate form of *kalymmafchion*, is the customary outdoor 292
dress of the Greek ecclesiastic, regardless of his status or office: of the 184
aspiring archimandrite, in silken gown and with rolled umbrella and brief-case, who hovers discreetly about the chambers of the Holy Synod, as of the village *papas* who labours at his plot of ground, or, with a train of pack-animals picks his way along the boulder-strewn bed of some water-course in trackless Pindos.

Within doors, though the parish priest may put off his tall hat and 793
outer garment, he is seldom to be seen less formally apparelled. And in 292
the mountain villages what more appropriate night-attire for an
ecclesiastical person than a thick homespun *rason*: though holy tradition [513]
be silent and the Greek country parson abed be subject to no such irksome canonical prohibitions as his brother, tending his flock beneath the vigilant eye of His Beatitude the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is strictly charged that in the interests of decency, gravity and order, he shall not wear "any Coif or wrought Night-cap, but only plain Night-caps of black silk, satin, or velvet".

It is not my intention to embark upon a detailed description of the liturgical vestments of the Greek clergy. "It would be impossible", asserts Dr. King, "to give a description of the habits of the clergy . . . to an English reader without the assistance of figures: for as we have none which resemble them so we have no names in our language to express them by." The reader who would learn to distinguish an *epigonation* [113]
from an *epitrachelion* or would comprehend the mystical signification of

793 292 [113] the stripes of red and white which adorn an episcopal *mandyas* and are called *pomata and potama*, may with great profit refer to the delightful engravings which illuminate that learned writer's discussion of these matters in his work on *The Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia.*

I will but refer briefly to the vestment known as the *phelonion*, which is of primary importance so far as the ordinary parish church is concerned. It is always worn by the celebrant at the liturgy and in its general appearance somewhat resembles the western cope, being of far more ample cut than the chasuble to which it in fact corresponds.

Dr. Covel (who has some diverting observations on this topic) connects it with the 'cloke' (*phailones*) which the Apostle asks Timothy to bring him from Troas (II Timothy, iv. 13), and with the ancient *penula* which was made in such fashion that "when the Head is put through the Top, all the rest hangs down round on all Sides, sloping like the Top of a round Tower or the Roof of a house . . . *Penula* was worn both by Men and Women in Winter upon their Journeys . . . purely to fence off Rain or cold Winter-like Weather. . . . *Tully* takes notice that it was a *peaceable* Garment (and so much more becoming *St. Paul* and a *Greek* Priest), for he was excuseth *Milo* from being guilty of Murder from having it on: *cum Penula irretitus, when he was wrapt up in his winter Peticoat, what could be less prepared or fit for fighting?* For a man cannot handle a Sword or any Weapon under it, either to assault another or to defend himself." The *phelonion*, he continues, is "something like a Woman's Petticoat, with only a hole at the top to put their Heads through, and the rest of it hangs down round about their thighs to their ankles. It is richly wrought with Gold and Silver; and the poorest Parish Priest hath such a one, though of a meaner making".

So much for the *phelonion*. Of the other vestures worn by the clergy at their various offices I will only observe that in former days every church would normally possess a complete set, while a large urban parish where several clergy might concelebrate on a Sunday or a festival would as a rule be suitably furnished with the appropriate vestments. [822] The Greek Church has no scheme of liturgical colours: if a church possesses more than one vestment, the best will be brought out on high days without any regard to colour. The *kalymmafchion* is worn in church, as well as forming part of the outdoor attire of the clergy.

[727] To-day, alas, it can no longer be affirmed with any confidence of the *phelonion* that "the poorest Parish Priest hath such a one"—of however

mean a making—or that the other "Garments and Accoutrements" of 793
the clergy are "very Glorious and different". The widespread devasta- 292
tion of the last few years has left many a village church denuded of its 727
liturgical vestments and other furnishings.

The dioceses of Thrace and eastern Macedonia suffered particularly [648]
heavily in this respect at the hands of the Bulgarian bishops and clergy who swarmed into these unhappy provinces in the wake of the German armies. Thus, in the diocese of Alexandroupolis, all the episcopal vestments used by the Metropolitan, the Lord Ioakeim, were stolen by the Bulgarian Metropolitan of Philippopolis; while the cathedral church of St. Nicolas, the church of the Dormition in the Isle of Samothrace, and many village churches, were looted by the Bulgarian clergy. Other dioceses in this part of New Greece suffered no less heavily: the cathedral churches at Siderokastro and Serres (to take two examples at random) being plundered of all their liturgical vestments, as well as the important monasteries of Eikosiphoinisses, in the diocese of Drama, and that of the Prodromos near Serres, to the pillage of which I have already referred.

During the winter of 1949–50, when many of the refugee clergy [669]
were returning to their villages after an interval of three years or more, to minister in churches which had been wholly destroyed, or looted and perhaps turned into stables or field-hospitals by the Communists, the Archbishop of Athens appealed to all those parishes of Greece which still possessed anything over and above their essential requirements in liturgical books, vessels, vestments, etc., to come to the aid of those who had been less fortunate than themselves.

The need was great indeed. To the ordinary Greek Christian who worships Sunday by Sunday in his parish church it is but fitting that those who minister in the house of God—which is in truth a heaven upon earth—should be adorned with raiment of a finer and costlier making than suffices for the mere performance of one's daily liturgy, and the absence of the usual accessories of liturgical worship inevitably induces a more acute sense of deprivation than would be felt in similar circumstances by Christians of other traditions.

> In this point [says Dr. Covel] they look askue even upon us English, 793
> for not being so Gaudy, Stately and Ceremonious in our Offices as 292
> themselves; though we are Episcopally Ordained, and have grave
> and different Garments for all sorts of our Clergy in their various 186

> 793 292 [186] degrees, from the Primates and Metropolites down to the lowest Order of Deacons . . . and if we English Churchmen are lookt upon by the Easterlings in this Point, but as Mongrels or half primitive Clergy-men at the best, how odious and abominable must the Calvinists appear to them, when they shall be told . . . that there is no such outward Pomp, or any reverend or decent Garments used in their divine Offices amongst them; their Ministers are not Episcopally ordain'd, and they wear only a common black Cloak and a Coat or Jump.

The Greek Church has never known a vestiarian controversy. The *phelonion*, richly wrought with gold and silver though it be, has never, like the western vestment and the comely surplice, served to kindle polemical ardour. It is evident to all men that the earthly ministers of Christ should be clothed in such apparel as becomes their high calling: to celebrate the divine mysteries in a common black cloak or Calvinistic "jump" would be indecent, a breach of good manners—like going to a formal banquet in one's workaday clothes.

782 788 It is not a little startling to turn from the controversies about vestments and lights and incense which continue to agitate many western Christians, to a church where these things are used quite simply and naturally and without occasioning the slightest comment. The Greek attitude towards the liturgical use of incense does indeed afford a peculiarly striking instance of the dangers awaiting the Frankish controversialist who seeks to bolster up his tottering defences with unwary borrowings from beyond the Adriatic shores. Amongst the Greeks incense is used at every service, from the most elaborate of pontifical liturgies to a simple ceremony such as the blessing of a house. To do otherwise would be thought irreverent: if any custom can claim to be evangelical it is surely this. Did not the Lord God Himself command Moses his servant:

> Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shall there be a like weight. And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy. And thou shalt beat some of it very small, and put of it before the testimony in the tabernacle of the congregation where I will meet with thee: it shall be unto you most holy.

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956

EH1 Greece EH1

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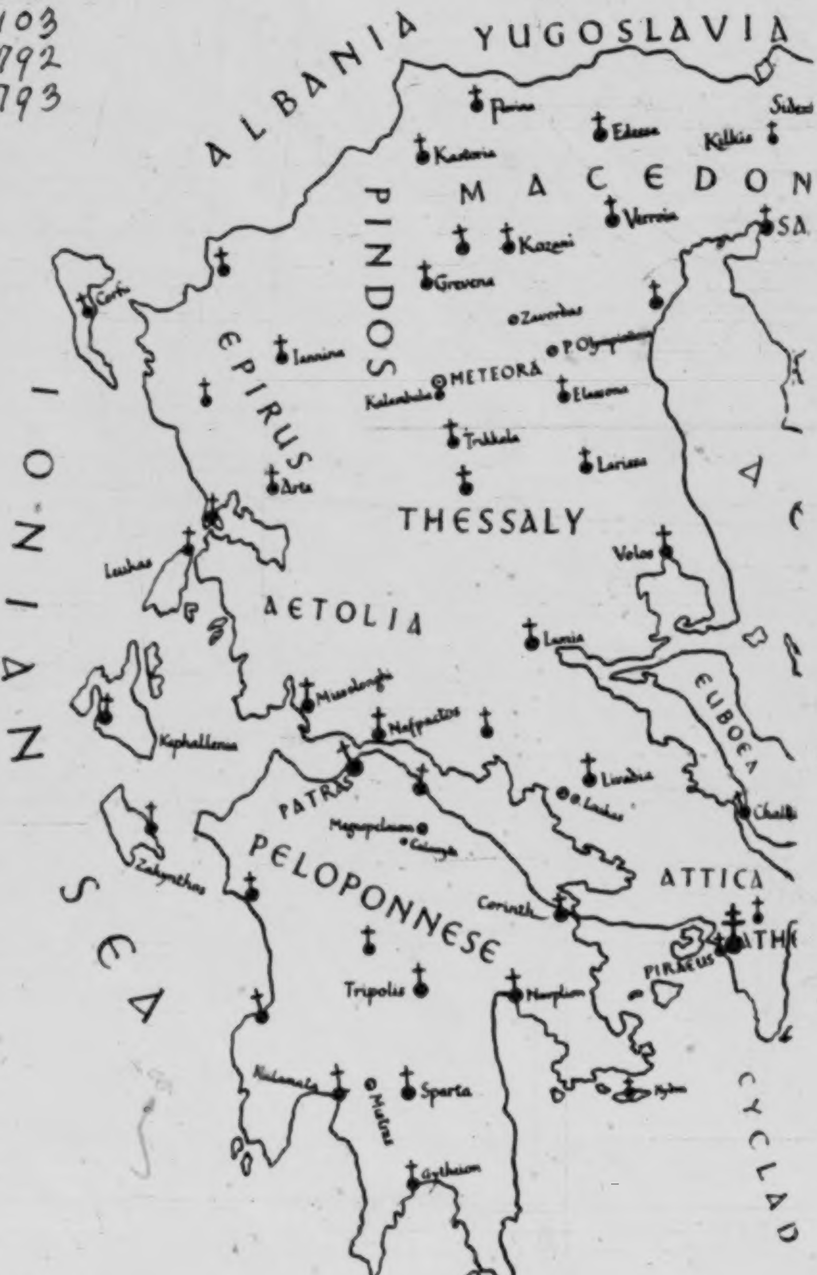
103
792
● 793


ALBANIA
YUGOSLAVIA
Florina
Edessa
Sider
Kilkis
Kastoria
MACEDON
PINDOS
Verroia
SA
Kozani
Grevena
Corfu
Zavordas
P. Olympiotissa
EPIRUS
Ioannina
METEORA
Kalambaka
Elassona
Trikkala
Larissa
Arta
THESSALY
IONIAN SEA
Volos
Leukas
AETOLIA
Lamia
EUBOEA
Missolonghi
Naupactus
Kephallenia
PATRAS
Livadia
O. Loukas
Megaspelaeum
Kalavryta
Chalk
PELOPONNESE
Zakynthos
ATTICA
Corinth
ATH
PIRAEUS
Tripolis
Nauplion
Kalamata
Mistras
Sparta
Hydra
CYCLAD
Gytheion
Kythera

[End Map-A]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956

EH1 Greece EH1

102
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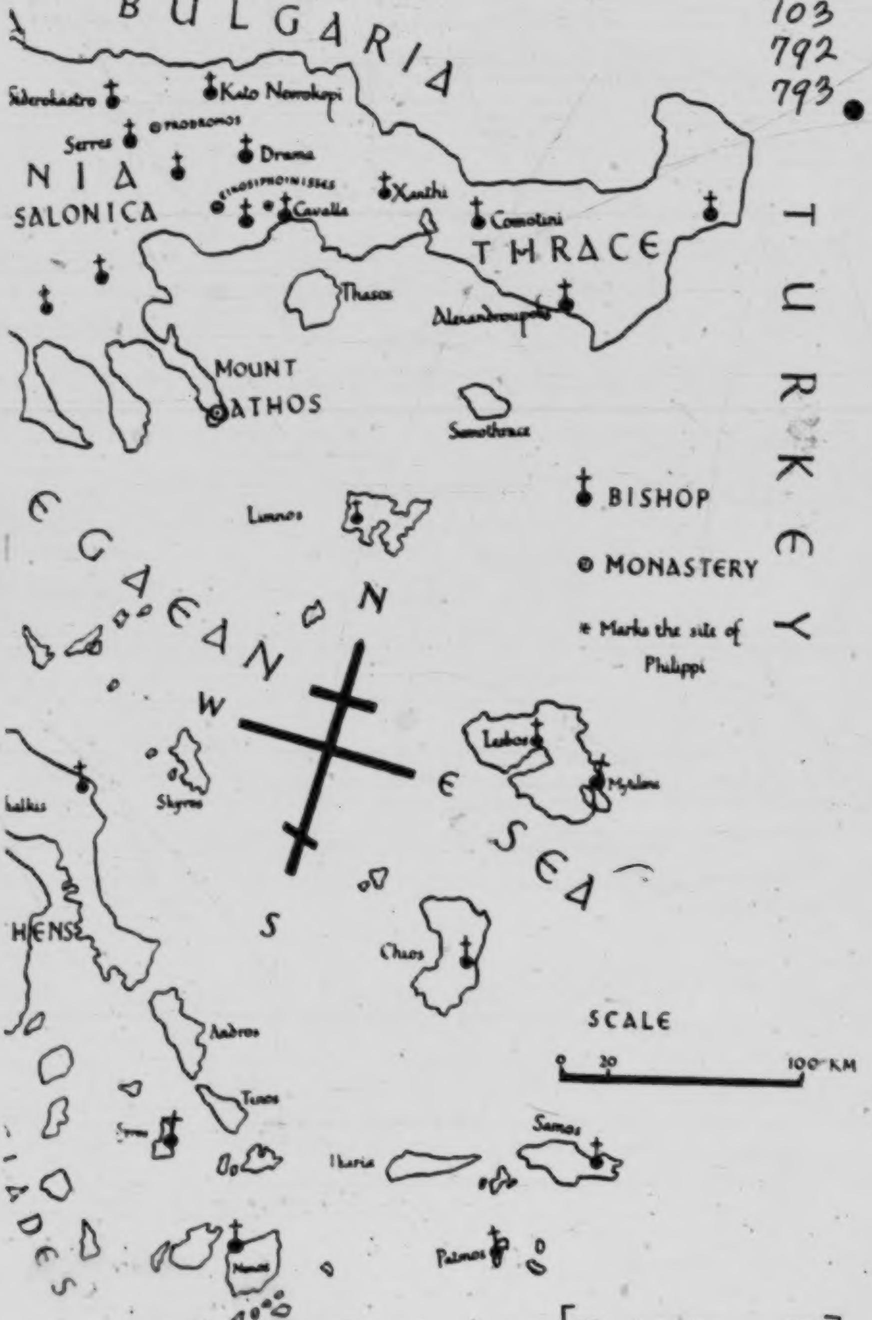
BULGARIA
Siderokastro
Kato Nevrokopi
Serres
PRODROMOS
Drama
NIA
SALONICA
EIKOSIPHOINISSES
Cavalla
Xanthi
Comotini
THRACE
Thasos
Alexandroupolis
MOUNT ATHOS
Samothrace
TURKEY
BISHOP
MONASTERY
Marks the site of Philippi
Limnos
EGAEAN SEA
N
W
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Mytilene
Skyros
halkis
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Chios
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0
20
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Andros
Tinos
Syros
Samos
Ikaria
Patmos
Naxos
ADES

[End Map - B]

communities) were governed by appointees of the Ministry of 621
Interior. This sometimes led to disharmony and distrust 631
between the inhabitants and their legal representatives. In 1951, [578]
however, elections were organized in villages (and larger communities), [666]
so that for the first time since the war the people
had a chance to choose their own local officials. Villagers elect members of the village council, which varies in size with the size of the community. The council members then choose one of their number as president and another as secretary.

The secretary's duty is to keep village records; but the main responsibilities rest upon the president. He represents the village [627]
in all dealings with the outer world, and has an informal
authority to hear complaints and settle quarrels within the village.
Legal cases, however, lie beyond his competence; they are [692]
dealt with by regular judges, appointed by the Ministry of Justice.

A second center of village leadership is the church. Every 621
village has a church, and the priest is often a native of the village, 793
distinguished from his fellows by a special garb and the
fact that he has attended a seminary for a year or longer. Priests [794]
are appointed by bishops, but a congregation has the right to
refuse a nomination, or to object to a priest it dislikes. In such cases the bishop normally attempts to find someone else to suit the wishes of the community.

A third focus of leadership is the school system. Nearly every 621
village has a primary school, staffed by a teacher who has had 875
at least a secondary school education. Unlike the priest or the [872]
president, he is most often a stranger to the community, appointed
to his post by the Ministry of Education. Here, in many [609]
villages, lies an important point of contact with the outside
world; but just because the schoolmaster is usually an outsider and often a city man, he fails to command in most villages quite the same trust and authority that the priest and president enjoy.

/31 cont./ 275
where thoughts are crystallized into action. Here the political 517
leaders meet their followers. [208]

Every stranger, merchant, peddler, politician, government [203]
employee, or any other agent, goes first to the coffee house
where he can get reliable information and pass on his mission.

The Orthodox religion has been enforced upon the people 794
directly from the church. The religion is taught at the school, 869
and church ceremonies are conducted in the church. The whole 872
family goes to the church every Sunday morning and thus the child
follows the elders in their religious beliefs. The church through [796]
its numerous holidays teaches something new to the people, brings
up the people to it through various ceremonies. The child /32/
learns from father and mother that this or that holiday has this or
that moral meaning to their lives. The school as a part of its
religious education obliges every student with the teacher to attend
church on Sundays and holidays. The teacher or the priest on such [796]
holiday occasions explains to the people the religious significance
of the day and its practical application to their lives. Their 782
Christian religion is unlike the Christian religion of many other 776
sects. The Orthodox church believes in one God and in Christ as 795
his son, but according to the nature of their demands they pray to
special designated saints whom they think are able to help them.
For example, for rain they pray to St. Ilias, who rides in a carriage
and makes the thunder. For war they pray to St. Demeter. For
travel on sea they pray to St. Nicola. For having a child to
St. Nufrios. For sickness to St. Spyridion, etc. down the line.
It is not so simple as the Protestant religion, nor so simple as [771]
Protestantism in that it depends much more on ceremonials. They
take their religion seriously and believe in it completely.

When a cow or a member of a family gets sick, or the crop 793
is not as promising, either the priest or another person next to the 782
priest will be called to offer prayer. /33/ The priest is the repre- [776]
sentative of the Saints through whom they communicate with God.
Religion makes a large part of their activity and thus the youngsters 869
as they grow, fit themselves in it and take their respective places.

/39 cont./
At times of great calamities the tempo and the variety of 533
songs increase which are rather of a mournful type. Every one 765
who has lost his closest friend, a son, a relative, her admirer ex-
presses their saddest grief in song which is made by each person
with a touching tune. When somebody mourns in the village [535]
usually the light gay type of music disappears for sometime and
the village bans dances. All share alike in the grief of their [585]
neighbor, and even if there was a marriage, it would be postponed
due to the general approval of the villagers for the sake of the
mourning period.

Reading. Megali Vrisi does more reading than any other 212
village in the neighborhood. This is perhaps due to the influence
of the priest-teacher whose life has become a part of his villagers 793 ●
in educating them. He served his villagers for 37 years as teacher 875
and priest, still continuing as a priest. His main purpose for teach- 517
ing his people to read and write was to make them able to read
and understand the universe about them. He had his own personal
library and out of it loaned books /40/ to bright farmers so that [426]
they could read them to the others. His plan in giving lectures to [544]
the farmers on certain scientific topics created among the farmers
an interest in reading and discovering. The books that interested
them most were biographies, histories, geography, politics and [538]
inventions. None were interested in fiction or romance.

The younger children had more zest in reading than the older 212
people, but there were not enough books. I often found young 517
men, at night sitting in groups of 6 to 10 to read the whole book 857
with a kerosene lamp light so that others might have the chance
to read it too. Reading among women is done less due to the [354]
nature of their work. They arekept busy from sunrise till late at
night. Another important phase of the reading is the daily news- [204]
paper at the coffee house. Everybody once or twice a day drops in
at the coffee house to read the newspaper. Discussions as to its [521]
news and editorial comments are conducted between groups of
different political beliefs.

/65 cont./
Medical care. The only village in the area that has the best 758
medical service is Megali Vrisi. The efforts of the nurse and the 759
doctor slowly are gaining ground and more and more the people [178
follow their principles of caring for the sick. The newly-erected 743]
hospital in the nearby city of Kilkis provides care for the inhabi-
tants of the area free of charge. If the patient is very sick he
usually is taken there, where he can find specialized doctors.

The construction of the living houses is so poorly done in the 758
village that the care of the sick under such conditions is hard. 362
The windows are small and the mud floor with severe cold winds
of the winter and no proper fuel to warm the house makes it
harder yet to care for the sick.

The mutual assistance of relatives in sickness as well as of 758
neighbors is great. People at times of /66/ great difficulties 476
help each other, not only through labor but by giving each other
food and even money. Especially is this characteristic of this 621
people to share alike each other's burdens and partake actively
in their grief and sorrow.

The Faith Healer. People of experience and cleverness per- 755
form certain magical performances that convince the people of
their ability to command the spirits. Most of the inhabitants of
Megali Vrisi believe them and spend money and time to visit
them. People suffering from chronic diseases, or if born with [842]
defects of the body, or if unable to bear any child, find as the
answer to their discouraged condition the faith healers.

Some Saints who perform miracles for donating to them; 755
a lamb, a hen, a goat, or a cow, may, in return, act favorably 782
for the patient. Priests praying for the sick or for the crippled 776
are not uncommon. On special holidays, certain churches fill
up with such sick and crippled people. Some sleep in the church [793]
for weeks without food and pray continuously to the Saint.
Stories circulate that some one saw the Saint riding on the horse, [787]
are very common. Sometimes these saints actually do heal in-
directly local pains, even of the partly crippled. Even doctors

/70 cont./

Making use of their prosperous crop years, farmers have enlarged 362
the houses and added more rooms and thus improved their houses. [513]
The usual type is a three room house, storeroom, kitchen and
bedroom. The habit of the whole family sleeping in the same
room still prevails. Most families have screened their houses [825]
against mosquitos and flies, but the floors still remain the same [751]
mud built.

PART VI Education

Various aspects of informal education. The people of Megali 871
Vrisi are hungry for education and value its importance in their
lives. When they arrived at their half-ruined village, before [727]
taking care of their own shelter, they built the school by sacrificing
the lumber of their houses.

/71/ Church and school are the two outstanding institutions
which influence more than anything else the lives of these people.
More than 97 per cent of the Caucasians know how to read and 212
write, and six among them have even completed their high school 871
work. The Thracians on the other side are illiterate. Only 4 per
cent of the older people know how to read and write, but the
younger generation that has the chance to attend the school, know
how to read and write.

The local grammar school includes six grades with one 875
teacher. He divides his students into two groups, and half of them [872]
come in the morning and the other half in the afternoon. The
teaching schedule is prepared by the Ministry of Education and [871]
the teacher is closely inspected by the regional inspector as to
his ability to follow it. This heavy program hinders the teacher
from taking active part in the village social life.

Teacher's position in the village. A teacher and a priest [554]
are highly honored and their presence in coffee houses is not de-
sired. Besides the training he gives to the children at the school [793]
the teacher follows his students in their homes too. If a mother [275]

/75 cont./ 873
to read and write. Besides this, agricultural lectures were given
to the farmers by the agriculturist of the area during the winter [544]
months on different topics concerning the farming life of the area. [242]
A series of 5 lectures were organized by the priest of the village [793]
on different topics such as history, travel, biography, and in-
ventions. Thus the farmers of Megali Vrisi had an ample chance
to get whatever they could from these different agencies.

/76/ Part VII Religion

Magic. The people of Megali Vrisi, due to numerous 789
activities of an educational character that have been established
there, find themselves in a transition period of trying to put aside [178]
old beliefs and adopt new ones. They still believe that certain
people in the village have power to command the spirits and per-
form miracles. A young man who thinks that his sweetheart does [832]
not like him finds as an outlet the consultation of magicians and
their command of the spirits to change her mind. If a member of [484]
the family is in a foreign country or on travel the magicians are
asked to order the spirits to protect them. A pregnant woman [843]
desiring to give birth to a boy instead of a girl asks the magicians
to act favorably to her desires. The people who perform the role [791]
of a magician are old women with suspicious looks. The same [759]
women may act as mid-wives, too.

Certain signs handed down from generation to generation are 777
believed to be true. A black cat crossing the road is thought a
bad sign. If you meet a priest early in the morning, they think
the whole day will be filled with failures. Dogs crying mean
somebody is going /77/ to die in the neighborhood. When the [763]
eyelid moves fast some good news is coming.

The above are a few of the good and bad luck signs.

Religious beliefs. Almost every farmer has a Saint in whom 353
he believes strongly. The ikon of the Saint, in front of which he 778
776

/77 cont./ 353
makes his prayer every evening and morning, occupies the eastern 778
corner of the house. The ikon of the Saint is well decorated 776
with the best handwork. In front of the ikon hangs an oil lantern [354]
that burns day and night. The Saint guards the family, the ani- [553]
mals, and blesses the crops. Usually members of the family bear
the name of the Saint.

Once a month the priest visits the home of every farmer and [793] ●
brings the blessing of the coming month by sprinkling holy water [788]
in all the corners of the house. He passes in front of the ikon [782]
and utters a prayer in the name of the Saint for the safeguard,
prosperity, and health of the family.

Religion for these people is a necessity of life. Without it 771
they cannot live. In every phase of /78/ their lives religion plays 776
an important part as in recreation, farming, traveling or even 182
in fighting they have their respective Saint through whom they
communicate with God.

When Paul entered the temple of the unknown God and 788
preached the known God to the Greeks, he must have forgotten 776
to mention to them the form of worship they should adopt. The
Greeks have accepted the theory of Christianity of one God but
have dressed up this new religion with their old forms of worship.
They have changed the names of ancient gods and given them new
names with the same duty as the old ones. Thus Saint Nicholas
replaced the god of the sea, Poseidon.

Since 1453, which marks the fall of Constantinople to the 175
Turks and the fall of the Byzantine Empire, the Christian people 795
of the Near East have gone through the severest test in Christian
history. The continuous persecution, massacres, deportations,
and all kinds of inhuman methods could not desecrate it. In fact
the Christian faith got stronger and stronger and had become a
bond of uniting the Christians. The same strong ties in this re-
ligion strengthened them to overthrow the bonds of slavery, after
400 years. It /79/ was religion that kept the Greek letters, the [619]
language of the people, and it was their strong belief in the power

really Greek, since they do not conform to the tradition of Greekness. 000

Religion permeates Greek life, punctuating it with ritual. No Greek, [771]
urban or rural, would think of initiating anything important without 788
a religious inauguration. Schools open with the inaugurative *agiasmos*, [182]
"making holy"; the foundation stone of every house is laid with
agiasmos; merchants begin new undertakings with the proper religious
inauguration. On Epiphany, the sea is made holy for those who
journey on it. In the country, blessed water is carried from the [241]
Epiphany Mass to sprinkle on the fields. The Virgin and the Saints 782
are invoked, but not mainly as correctives; their main function is
to endow an undertaking with good and success, it is not primarily
to prevent or correct. When a loved man, husband, son, brother,
father, beloved, goes away with the merchant marine, or in the sponge-fishery, a woman makes a vow to the appropriate saint, to be fulfilled on the safe return. The islands are studded with small chapels [346]
which were promised on such occasions. However, priests are called [793]
in, and Saints and the Virgin invoked, also, when difficulties arise.
Vows are made for the recovery of a loved one; the priest is
called when the family has had a run of misfortune, to "make holy"
and exorcise the evil. Priests conduct a rain litany to break a drought.

Traditionally, Sunday services are attended regularly by women 796
and children, perhaps less faithfully by the men. Ceremonials, however, draw the entire family. The ritual is not bolstered by strict limits [794]
of time or rules of silence. Mass starts in due course, a little early
or a little late, not on the dot of an appointed time. Children run in [852]
and out between the aisles, and mothers whisper endearments to
babies. A woman will break into a dirge during the Good Friday
Mass of the Epitaph, mourning the death of Christ, or adressing herself in sympathy to the bereaved Virgin. The Mass before the midnight
preceding Easter is tense with expectation; there is great release and
spontaneous joy when Christ is announced to be risen, and the
"Christ is risen!" with which all are greeted is a true, joyous message,
full of the wonder and the reassurance of the renewed miracle; the
candles lighted from the sacred light at this time are carried home
with true concern for saving the flame from extinction.

Religion is so firmly entrenched and unquestioned that it can be 771
taken with casualness and a lack of self-conscious effort. It is accepted
and ever-present like the air. One talks about Masses and preparations
for litanies, but not about religion. Religion is not a personal matter,
nor is it a guide to conduct. People consult the priest, but in matters [793]
of human relations, or, at any rate, relations which are regarded as
secular, not because they are assailed by doubts. Young men do not
talk about the meaning of Christ in their lives, nor do young girls
dream of entering a convent. On the other hand, the Saints and the [795]
Virgin often figure in speech: a man singing of his beloved likens
her neck to an altar, her arms to church tapers, or he tells her that
he worships her like the Virgin.